

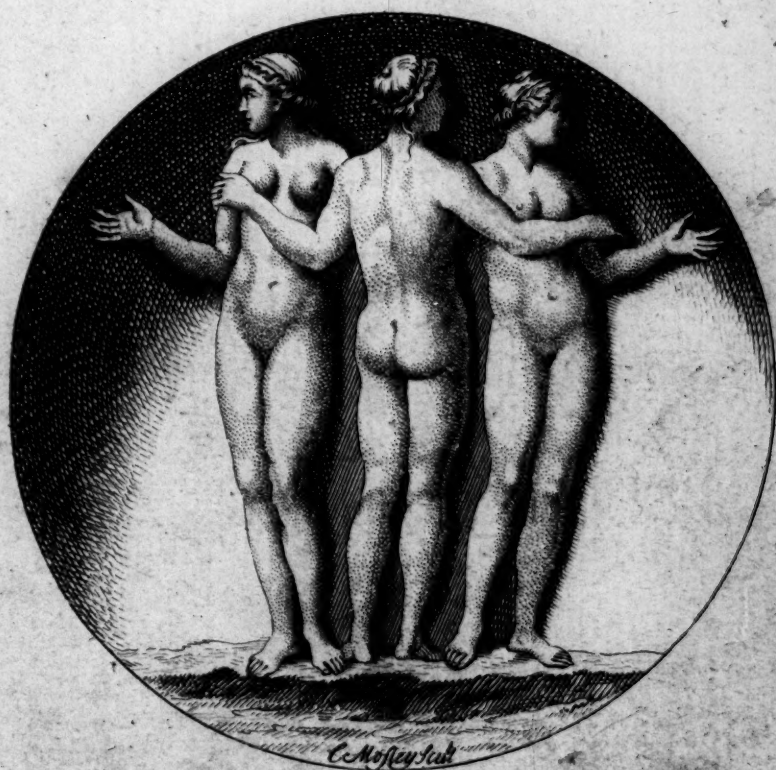


VOL. I.





A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS.
By SEVERAL HANDS;
IN THREE VOLUMES.



L O N D O N,

Printed for R. DODSLEY at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall.
M.DCC.XLVIII.





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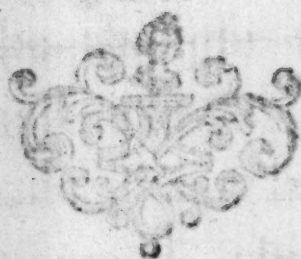
TH E intent of the following Volumes is to preserve to the public those poetical performances, which seemed to merit a longer remembrance than what would probably be secured to them by the MANNER wherein they were originally

ginally published. This design was first suggested to the Editor, as it was afterwards conducted, by the opinions of some Gentlemen whose names it would do him the highest honour to mention. At the same time he desires to return his acknowledgments to the authors of several pieces inserted in this Collection, which were never before in print, and which, he is persuaded, would be thought to add credit to the most judicious performance of this kind in our language. He has only to add, that the Reader must not expect to be pleased with

with every particular poem which is here presented to him. It is impossible to furnish out an entertainment of this nature where every part shall be relished by every guest : it will be sufficient if nothing is set before him but what has been approved by those of the most acknowledged taste.



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A
P O E M,

To His EXCELLENCY the
LORD PRIVY-SEAL,
ON THE
PROSPECT of *PEACE*.

By Mr. *TICKELL*.

— — — — — *Sacerdos*
Fronde super MITRAM, & fœlici comptus Oliva. VIR.

VOL. I.

A

TO

MEMORANDUM

10-11-1943

SECRET



BY MR. TICKET.

0871112

Видео: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=...](#)

05

TO THE
LORD PRIVY-SEAL.

Contending kings, and fields of death, too long
Have been the subject of the British song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with slain?
Exhausted themes! A gentler note I raise,
And sing returning Peace in softer lays.
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,
I wait our heroes in the sylvan shade:
Disbanding hosts are imag'd to my mind,
And warring pow'rs in friendly leagues combin'd,
While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,
And heav'n and ANNA bless Britannia's isle.

Well sends our Queen her mitred BRISTOL forth,
For early counsels fam'd, and long-try'd worth,
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft with-held
The Suede and Saxon from the dusty field;
Completely form'd to heal the Christian wounds,
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds,

The face of ravag'd nature to repair,
 By leagues to soften earth, and heav'n by pray'r,
 To gain by love, where rage and slaughter fail,
 And make the crossier o'er the sword prevail.

So when great Moses, with JEHOVAH's wand,
 Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's land,
 Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,
 Now turn'd Nile's fatt'ning streams to putrid gore ;
 Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,
 And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.

O thou, from whom these bounteous blessings flow,
 To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,
 (For next to thee, the man whom kings contend
 To stile companion, and to make their friend,
 Great Strafford, rich in every courtly grace,
 With joyful pride accepts the second place.)
 From Britain's isle, and Isis' sacred spring
 One hour, oh ! listen while the muses sing.
 Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait,
 With beating hearts, to learn their masters' fate,
 One hour forbear to speak thy Queen's commands,
 Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands ;
 The blissful prospects, in my verse display'd,
 May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade,
 Ev'n thou to Peace shalt speedier urge the way,
 And more be hasten'd by this short delay.

A

P O E M

ON THE

P R O S P E C T of *P E A C E*.

THE haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'erthrown,
 Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.
 Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,
 And his proud bulwarks smoaking on the ground ;
 In vain with pow'rs renew'd he fill'd the plain,
 Made tim'rous vows, and brib'd the faints in vain ;
 As oft his legions did the fight decline,
 Lurk'd in the trench, and sculk'd behind the line.
 Before his eyes the fancy'd javelin gleams ;
 At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams ;
 On glory past reflects with secret pain,
 On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.

To Britain's Queen the scepter'd suppliant bends,
 To her his crowns and infant race commends,

Who grieves her fame with Christian blood to buy,
Nor asks for glory at a price so high.

At her decree the war suspended stands,
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands,
Their open brows no threat'ning frowns disguise,
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.

The Gauls, who never in their courts could find
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,
Doubt if they're those, whom dreadful to the view
In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew,
At whose dire names ten thousand widows prest
Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.

In silent rapture each his foe surveys,
They vow firm friendship, and give mutual praise.
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends,
Their gen'rous discord with the battle ends;
In peace they wonder whence dissention rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound;
The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
And scatter'd armies seek their native land.
The hardy vet'ran, proud of many a scar,
The manly charms and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to share his friends' illustrious doom,
And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,

Leans

Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
And sighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye gen'rous fair, receive the brave with smiles,
O'er-pay their sleepless nights, and crown their toils ;
Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due,
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.
In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires,
When English valour English beauty fires ;
The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair
Of chiefs so brave, till they have nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er ev'ry wound,
Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,
And smiles, or trembles at his various fate.
Near the full bowl he draws the fancy'd line,
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,
Then sets th' invested fort before her eyes,
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies ;
His little list'ning progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire atchievements sings the bard, that tells
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells ;
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrow,
And cleave a giant at a random blow ;
Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.

Our eager youth to distant nations run,
 To visit fields, their valiant fathers won ;
 From Flandria's shore their country's fame they trace,
 Till far Germania shews her blasted face.
 Th' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,
 Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria try'd :
 Where Stepney grav'd the stone to ANNA's fame,
 He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name ;
 Here fled the Household, there did Tallard yield,
 Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field,
 On those steep banks, near Danube's raging flood,
 The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling stood :
 When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,
 But plung'd amidst the waves, a desp'rate throng ;
 Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watry bed,
 And drove the current to its distant head.

As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands
 A warlike courser on the canvas stands,
 Such as on Landen bleeding Ormonde bore,
 Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore ;
 If chance a gen'rous steed the work behold,
 He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold :
 So, Hocstet seen, tumultuous passions rowl,
 And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul ;
 In fancy'd fights he sees the troops engage,
 And all the tempest of the battle rage.

Charm

Charm me, ye pow'rs, with scenes less nobly bright,
 Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious muse delight,
 Content to see the horrors of the field
 By plough-shares level'd, or in flow'rs conceal'd.
 O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
 And grass luxuriant cloath the harmless mine,
 Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
 Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground ;
 While shepherds sleep, along the rampart laid,
 Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.

Who was the man ? (Oblivion blast his name,
 Torn out, and blotted from the list of fame !)
 Who fond of lawless rule, and proudly brave,
 First sunk the filial subject to a slave ;
 His neighbour's realms by frauds un-kingly gain'd,
 In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd ;
 Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,
 And fitted murder to the rules of art.

Ah ! curst ambition, to thy lures we owe
 All the great ills, that mortals bear below.
 Curst by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
 His year's whole sweat, and vainly-ripen'd fields ;
 Curst by the maid, torn from her lover's side,
 When left a widow, though not yet a bride ;
 By mothers curst, when floods of tears they shed,
 And scatter useless roses on the dead.

Oh sacred Bristol ! then what dangers prove
 The arts, thou smil'st on with paternal love ?
 Then, mix'd with rubbish by the brutal foes,
 In vain the marble breathes, the canvas glows ;
 To shades obscure the glitt'ring sword pursues,
 The gentle poet, and defenceless muse.
 A voice, like thine alone, might then assuage
 The warrior's fury, and controul his rage ;
 To hear thee speak might the fierce Vandal stand,
 And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.

Far hence be driv'n to Scythia's stormy shore
 The drum's harsh musick, and the cannon's roar ;
 Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain,
 Where Tartar clans, and grisly Cossacks reign ;
 Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,
 See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes ;
 To death grey heads and smiling infants doom,
 Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb ;
 O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,
 The savage lord of an unpeopled land.

Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws
 From pure religion, and impartial laws,
 To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,
 And holds in equal scales the rival kings :
 Her gen'rous sons in choicest gifts abound,
 Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.

As when sweet Venus (so the fable sings)
 Awak'd by Nereids, from the Ocean springs;
 With smiles she sees the threat'ning billows rise,
 Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the lowering skies;
 Light, o'er the deep, with flutt'ring Cupids crown'd,
 The pearly conch and silver turtles bound;
 Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene
 Britannia's isle, the Ocean's stately queen;
 In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,
 Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall:
 Defenceless barks, her pow'rful navy near,
 Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.
 What bold invader, or what land oppress
 Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redrest?
 Say, where have e'er her union-crosses sail'd,
 But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd?
 Her labours are to plead th' Almighty's cause,
 Her pride to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws:
 Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the prize;
 But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great Russia's throne,
 The king, whose pow'r half Europe's regions own,
 Whose sceptre waving, with one shout rush forth
 In swarms the harness'd millions of the north;

Through

Through realms of ice pursu'd his tedious way
 To court our friendship, and our fame survey !
 Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,
 And round his empire spread the learned store :
 (T'adorn old realms is more than new to raise,
 His country's parent is a monarch's praise.)
 His bands now march in just array to war,
 And Caspian gulphs unusual navies bear ;
 With Runic lays Smolensko's forests ring,
 And wond'ring Volga hears the muses sing.
 Did not the painted kings of India greet
 Our Queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet ?
 Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff'd,
 Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd shaft ;
 Whose haughty brows made savages adore,
 Nor bow'd to less than stars, or sun before.
 Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,
 And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.

Blest use of pow'r ! O virtuous pride in kings !
 And like his bounty, whence dominion springs !
 Which o'er new worlds makes heav'n's indulgence
 And ranges myriads under laws divine ! [shine,
 Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,
 With groves of spices, and with mines of gold.

Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,
 And roams securely o'er the boundless main.

Now

Now o'er his head the polar bear he spies,
 And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies ;
 Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,
 With glitt'ring spoils where Indian grottoes shine ;
 Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
 And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.
 Here nearer suns prepare the rip'ning gemm,
 To grace great ANNE's imperial diadem ;
 And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield
 On faithful coins each memorable field ;
 Which, mixt with medals of immortal Rome,
 May clear disputes, and teach the times to come.

In circling beams shall godlike ANNA glow,
 And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe ;
 In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,
 Webb's firm platoon, and Lumly's faithful band !
 Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,
 And Campbell's dragon on his dauntless breast ;
 Great Ormonde's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,
 And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.
 And if the muse, O Bristol, might decree,
 Here Granville noted by the lyre should be,
 The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.

Such are the honours grateful Britain pays,
 So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise.
 O'er

O'er distant times such records shall prevail,
 When English numbers, antiquated, fail :
 A trifling song the muse can only yield,
 And sooth her soldiers panting from the field ;
 To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,
 And raise their battles in the rural shade.
 From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms
 (The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes——
 Begin, my muse, and softly touch the string :
 Here Henry lov'd ; and Chaucer learn'd to sing.
 Hail fabled grotto ! hail Elysian soil !
 Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle !
 Where kings of old conceal'd forgot the throne,
 And beauty was content to shine unknown ;
 Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
 And Henry's bow'rs near Blenheim's dome appear ;
 The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,
 The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.
 Oft, if the muse presage, shall he be seen
 By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
 In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty shades,
 And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades ;
 O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound,
 And hill to hill reflect the fav'rite sound.

Here, here at least thy love for arms give o'er,
 Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more.

Vice of great souls alone ! O thirst of fame !
 The muse admires it, while she strives to blame.
 Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,
 Or view the courfers stretch in wild career ;
 This lovely scene shall sooth thy soul to rest,
 And wear each dreadful image from thy breast ;
 With pleasure, by thy conquests shalt thou see
 Thy Queen triumphant, and all Europe free ;
 No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy,
 But what thou giv'st the world, thy self enjoy.

Sweet solitude ! when life's gay hours are past,
 Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last ;
 Toft through tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er)
 Pale we look back, and bless the friendly shore.
 Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,
 And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span ;
 If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,
 Trust future ages, and contented die.

When strangers from far distant climes shall come,
 To view the pomp of this triumphant dome ;
 Where rear'd aloft dissembled trophies stand,
 And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,
 Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,
 And Bourbon's woes shall fill the story'd wall ;
 Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board
 Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword ;
 Banners

Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,
 And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gasping Gaul,
 Fair dames shall oft, with curious eye, explore
 The costly robes that slaughter'd gen'ral's wore,
 Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,
 (Hesperian nuns the gorgeous broid'ry wrought)
 Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horse-man's pride,
 And Gaul's fair flow'rs, in human crimson dy'd.
 Of Churchill's race perhaps some lovely boy
 Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,
 Shall gaze transported on it's glitt'ring charms,
 And reach it struggling with unequal arms;
 By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,
 Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.

So, in the painter's animated frame,
 Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,
 The little Loves in sport the fauchion wield,
 Or join their strength to heave his pond'rous shield:
 One strokes the plume in Tityon's gore embru'd,
 And one the spear, that reeks with Typhon's blood;
 Another's infant brows the helme sustain,
 He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.

Thus, the rude tempest of the field o'er-blown,
 Shall whiter rounds of smiling years rowl on;
 Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,
 Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.

But

But oh ! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,
 Ye honour'd shades, whom widow'd Albion mourns !
 If your thin forms yet discontented moan,
 And haunt the mangled mansions, once your own ;
 Behold what flow'rs the pious muses strow,
 And tears, which in the midst of triumph flow,
 Cypress and bays your envy'd brows surround,
 Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,
 And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound.

Accept, great ANNE, the tears their mem'ry draws,
 Who nobly perish'd in their sov'reign's cause :
 For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,
 Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.
 Vast price of blood on each victorious day !
 (But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)
 Lamented triumphs ! when one breath must tell
 That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.

Great Queen ! whose name strikes haughty monarchs
 On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale ; [pale,
 Whose arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,
 On whose decree the nations anxious wait :
 From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand
 Shall o'er the main to far Peru command,
 So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,
 It's circling skies shall see no setting sun.

Thee,

Thee, thee an hundred languages shall claim,
 And savage Indians swear by ANNA's name,
 The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,
 And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain
 The wat'ry kingdoms, and controul the main,
 Magellan's streights to Gibraltar they join,
 Across the seas a formidable line;
 The sight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,
 But pleas'd see Dunkirk, now a guiltless shore.
 In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,
 And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;
 Her giant Genius takes a mighty stride,
 And sets his foot beyond th' incroaching tide,
 On either bank the land it's master knows,
 And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes, across the raging flood,
 Stupendous form! the vast Colossus stood,
 (While at one foot their thronging gallies ride,
 A whole hour's sail scarce reach'd the farther side)
 Betwixt his brazen thighs, in loose array,
 Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.

By Harley's counsels Dunkirk now restor'd
 To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.
 In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,
 Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,

Who

Who boldly faithful met his sov'reign's frown,
 And scorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.
 His son was born the ravish'd prey to claim,
 And France still trembles at an Harley's name.

A fort so dreadful to our English shore,
 Our fleets scarce fear'd the sands or tempests more,
 Whose vast expences to such sums amount,
 That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out th' account;
 Whose walls such bulwarks, such vast tow'rs restrain,
 It's weakest ramparts are the rocks and main;
 His boast great LOUIS yields, and cheaply buys
 Thy friendship, ANNA, with the mighty prize.
 Holland repining, and in grief cast down,
 Sees the new glories of the British crown:
 Ah! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,
 Nor foes, more dreadful than the Gaul, invite,
 Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage
 Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage
 To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,
 Thy realm the sea o'er their precarious land.

Henceforth be thine, vice-gerent of the skies,
 Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chastise;
 To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar
 Chace the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy war;
 Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
 And turn God's fury from an impious age,

Blest

Blest change! the soldier's late destroying hand
 Shall rear new temples in his native land,
 Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,
 And beg admittance in our sacred fold;
 On her own works the pious Queen shall smile,
 And turn her cares upon her fav'rite isle.

So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,
 Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames,
 He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,
 And his red arm the forky vengeance flings;
 At length, heav'n's wrath appeas'd, he quits the war,
 To rowl his orb, and guide his destin'd star,
 To shed kind fate, and lucky hours bestow,
 And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait,
 These guard the church, and those direct the state.
 To Bristol, graceful in maternal tears,
 The church her tow'ry forehead gently rears,
 She begs her pious son to assert her cause,
 Defend her rights, and re-inforce her laws,
 With holy zeal the sacred work begin,
 To bend the stubborn, and the meek to win.

Our Oxford's earl in careful thought shall stand,
 To raise his Queen, and save a sinking land.
 The wealthiest glebe to rav'nous Spaniards known
 He marks, and makes the golden world our own:

Content with hands unfoil'd to guard the prize,
And keep the store with undesiring eyes.

So round the tree, that bore Hesperian gold,
The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,
His eyes up-rearing to th' untasted prey,
The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,
Her antient pride shall ev'ry art renew ;

(The arts with you fam'd Harcourt shall defend,
And courtly Bolingbroke the muse's friend.)

With piercing eye some search where nature plays,
And trace the wanton through her darksome maze ;

Whence health from herbs ; from seeds how groves
How vital streams in circling eddies run. [begun ;

Some teach, why round the sun the spheres advance
In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance,

How tides, when heav'd by pressing moons, o'erflow,
And sun-born Iris paints her show'ry bow.

In happy chains our daring language bound,
Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,

But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage :

Till Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands,
And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.

Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine
To mend our morals, and our taste refine,

Fight

Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,
 Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.
 Nor, Prior, hast thou hush'd the trump in vain,
 Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain,
 New tales shall now be told; if right I see,
 The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.
 Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars
 Shall raise mock-heroes, and fantastic wars;
 Like the young spreading laurel, Pope, thy name
 Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame;
 With Philips shall the peaceful vallies ring,
 And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.
 That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls con-
 To Bristol's praises shall his Strâfford's join: [fine
 He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
 Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,
 To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
 The strictest critic, and the kindest friend.
 Ev'n mine, a bashful muse, whose rude essays
 Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,
 Cherish'd by you in time may grow to fame,
 And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glitt'ring scene displays,
 And smit with passion for my country's praise,
 My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,
 Where sacred Isis rowls her antient stream;

In cloyster'd domes the great Philippa's pride, [side,
 Where learning blooms, while fame and worth pre-
 Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,
 And Edward form'd his Cressy, yet unfought,
 Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,
 The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.
 Here thy commands, O Lancaster, inflame
 My eager breast to raise the British name;
 Urge on my soul, with no ignoble pride,
 To woo the muse, whom Addison enjoy'd,
 See that bold swan to heav'n sublimely soar,
 Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

COLIN

COLIN and LUCY.

By the Same.

I.

OF Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect a fairer face.

II.

'Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her damask cheek, her dainty lip,
And eyes of glossy blue.

III.

Ah ! hast thou seen the lily pale
When beating rains descend ?
So droop'd this flow-consuming maid,
Her life now near it's end.

IV.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye 'easy fair !
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye flatt'ring swains, beware !

V.

Three times all in the dead of night
 A bell was hear'd to ring ;
 And at her window shrieking thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing.

VI.

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn-boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round.

VII.

" I hear the voice you cannot hear,
 " That cries I must not stay ;
 " I see the hand you cannot see,
 " That beckons me away.

VIII.

" Of a false swain, and broken heart,
 " In early youth I die :
 " Am I to blame, because the bride
 " Is twice as rich as I ?

IX.

" Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,
 " Vows due to me alone !
 " Nor thou, rash girl, return his kiss,
 " Nor think him all thy own !

X.

“ To-morrow in the church, to wed,
 “ Impatient both prepare :
 “ But know, false man, and know, fond maid,
 “ Poor Lucy will be there.

XI.

“ Then bear my corpse, ye comrades dear,
 “ The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 “ He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 “ I in my winding-sheet !

XII.

She spoke, she dy'd, her corpse was borne
 The bride-groom blithe to meet ;
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

XIII.

What then was COLIN's dismal thought ?
 How were these nuptials kept ?
 The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept !

XIV.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell :
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He groan'd, he shook, he fell.

XV.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
The varying crimson fled ;
When, stretch'd beside her rival's corpse,
She saw her husband dead.

XVI.

He to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains ;
In the same mould, beneath one sod,
For-ever now remains.

XVII.

Oft in this place the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen,
With garlands gay, and true-love-knots
To deck the sacred green.

XVIII.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd ground forbear !
Remember COLIN's dismal fate,
And fear to join him there.

THE
S P L E E N.

AN EPISTLE to Mr. C. J.

By Mr. MATTHEW GREEN, of the Custom-House.

THIS motly piece to you I send,
 Who always were a faithful friend ;
 Who, if disputes should happen hence,
 Can best explain the author's sense ;
 And, anxious for the public weal,
 Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
 Allowing for a vapour'd Muse ;
 Nor, to a narrow path confin'd,
 Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine ; you can trace
 Throughout, the sire's transmitted face.
 Nothing is stol'n : my Muse, tho' mean,
 Draws from the spring she finds within ;
 Nor vainly buys, what Gildon sells,
 Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-

School-helps I want, to climb on high,
 Where all the antient treasures lie,
 And there unseen commit a theft
 On wealth, in Greek exchequers left.
 Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
 Who only with the moderns deal?
 This were attempting to put on
 Rayment from naked bodies won:
 They safely sing before a thief,
 They cannot give, who want relief;
 Some few excepted, names well known,
 And justly laurel'd with renown,
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
 And theft detects: of theft beware;
 From Moore so lasht, example fit,
 Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
 To write a treatise on the Spleen;
 Nor to prescribe, when nerves convulse;
 Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse:
 If I am right, your question lay,
 What course I take to drive away
 The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
 Men prove mere suicides in ease;
 And how I do myself demean
 In stormy world to live serene.

When by it's magic lantern Spleen
 With frightful figures spread life's scene,
 And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
 A stranger to the luck of heirs ;
 Reason, some quiet to restore,
 Shew'd part was substance, shadow more ;
 With Spleen's dead weight tho' heavy grown,
 In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
 But swam, till fortune threw a rope,
 Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food
 To mend viscosity of blood.
 Hail ! water-gruel, healing power,
 Of easy access to the poor ;
 Thy help love's confessors implore,
 And doctors secretly adore :
 To thee I fly, by thee dilute,
 Thro' veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
 And by swift current throws off clean
 Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
 Nor keep myself a cup too low ;
 And seldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,
 Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
 To brace the nerves, and stir the blood ;

But after no field-honours itch,
 Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
 While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
 Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
 Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
 And jovial cry awake the morn :
 These see her from her dusky plight,
 Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
 With rosal wass redeem her face,
 And prove herself of Titan's race,
 And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
 Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
 Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
 Exulting at the Hark-away,
 And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
 From lungs robust field-notes resound.
 Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
 Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view,
 While all the spirits are on wing,
 And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.

To cure the mind's wrong biafs, Spleen,
 Some recommend the bowling-green ;
 Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;
 Fling but a stone, the giant dies ;
 Laugh, and be well. Monkeys have been
 Extreme good doctors for the Spleen ;

And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good on this behalf,
At some partic'lars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools curst with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence,
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes,
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lect'rer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête à tête,
New almanacks compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply'd
The superb muscle of the eye,

A coquet's April-weather face,
 A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
 And fops in military shew,
 Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If Spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
 I clear my ev'ning with a play,
 Or to some concert take my way.
 The company, the shine of lights,
 The scenes of humour, music's flights
 Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
 To other's griefs attention raise :
 Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
 We borrow joy by pitying woe ;
 There, gaily comic scenes delight,
 And hold true mirrors to our sight.
 Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
 Calling the passions to her aid,
 When moral scenes just action join,
 Takes shape, and shews her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
 Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
 When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
 To music's pipe the passions dance ;
 Motions unwill'd it's pow'rs have shewn,
 Tarantulated by a tune.

Many have held the soul to be
Nearly ally'd to harmony.

Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.

}

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard,
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark :
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather :

Then

Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
 And play at cards, but for small sums ;
 Or with the merry fellows quaff,
 And laugh aloud with them that laugh ;
 Or drink a joco-serious cup
 With souls who've took their freedom up,
 And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
 In Epicurus' garden walk,
 Who thought it heav'n to be serene ;
 Pain, hell, and purgatory, Spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women fit,
 And chat away the gloomy fit,
 Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
 And wear a gay impertinence,
 Nor think, nor speak with any pains,
 But lay on fancy's neck the reins ;
 Talk of unusual swell of waist
 In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
 And beauty borr'wing Spanish red,
 And loving pair with sep'rate bed,
 And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
 And then redeem'd by loss of fame ;
 Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
 By grave pretence to go to church)
 Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
 Like Will and Mary on the coin :

And

And thus in modish manner we
In aid of sugar sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine,
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing.
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat on their report
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's fullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompast with Satellite beams.
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,

We

We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
 And Cytherea's gentle doves,
 And raptur'd fix in such a face,
 Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
 Shine but on age, you melt its snow,
 Again fires long-extinguish'd glow ;
 And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
 Blood long congealed liquifies,
 True miracle, and fairly done
 By heads, which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find
 Such beauties both of form and mind,
 By modern breeding much debas'd,
 In half the female world at least !
 Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
 Where, a prize mist, I'm quite undone ;
 And han't by vent'ring on a wife,
 Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
 Your impious pains to form the fair,
 Nor lay out so much cost and art,
 But to deflow'r the virgin heart ;
 Of ev'ry folly-fost'ring bed
 By quick'ning heat of custom bred.
 Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
 Desist, and give us nature wild,

Delighted

And thus in modish manner we
 In aid of sugar sweeten tea.
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 By quick'ning heat of custom bred.
 Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
 Desist, and give us nature wild,

Delighted

Delighted with-a hoyden soul,
 Which truth and innocence controul.
 Coquets, leave off affected arts,
 Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts ;
 Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
 You shew so plain, you strive to kill.
 In love the artless catch the game,
 And they scarce miss, who never aim.

The world's great author did create
 The sex to fit the nuptial state,
 And meant a blessing in a wife,
 To solace the fatigues of life ;
 And old inspired times display,
 How wives could love, and yet obey.
 Then truth, and patience of controul,
 And housewife-arts adorn'd the soul ;
 And charms, the gift of nature, shone ;
 And jealousy, a thing unknown :
 Veils were the only masks they wore,
 Novels (receipts to make a whore)
 Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
 Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
 Wise men did not, to be thought gay,
 Then compliment their pow'r away ;
 But left, by frail desires misled,
 The girls forbidden paths should tread,

Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall,
 But we haw-haws, that shew them all :
 Thus we at once solicit sense,
 And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
 What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at Meeting seen,
 Meeting, that region of the Spleen ;
 The broken heart, the busy fiend,
 The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
 To which vacation is disease,
 A gypsy diction scarce known well
 By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
 I shun, nor let it breed within
 Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;
 Law, grown a forest, where perplex
 The mazes, and the brambles vex,
 Where its twelve verd'ers every day
 Are changing still the public way ;
 Yet if we miss our path and err,
 We grievous penalties incur,
 And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,
 And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,
 Am loth to lend, or run in debt.

No

No compter-writs me agitate,
 Who moralizing pass the gate,
 And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
 Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
 Wisdom, before beneath their care,
 Pays her upbraiding visits there,
 And forces folly thro' the grate
 Her panegyric to repeat.

'This view, profusely when inclin'd,
 Enters a caveat in the mind :
 Experience join'd with common sense
 To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
 Subsiding settles into Spleen.
 Hence, as the plague of happy life,
 I run away from party-strife.
 A prince's cause, a church's claim,
 I've known to raise a mighty flame,
 And priest, as stoker, very free
 To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree
 Small-beer the deadliest heresy,
 Who, fond of pedigree, derive
 From the most noted whore alive,
 Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
 And love the mitre Bacchus made,

Forbid the faithful to depend
 On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
 And in whose gay red-letter'd face
 We read good-living more than grace:
 Nor they so pure, and so precise,
 Immac'late as their white of eyes,
 Who for the spirit hugg the Spleen,
 Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
 Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
 To the state's mellow forms prefer,
 Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
 Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
 And samples of heart-chested grace
 Expose in shew-glass of the face,
 Did never me as yet provoke,
 Either to honour band and cloak,
 Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
 At folks, because they are in place,
 Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
 Serve the ear-lechery of men;
 And to avoid religious jars,
 The laws are my expositors,
 Which in my doubting mind create
 Conformity to church and state.

I go,

I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan,
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine,
To mend the world's a vast design,
Like theirs, who tug in little boat
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While, to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffl'd, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide;
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.

When g——l P——s say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away,

Yet

Yet none but drunken watchmen send,
 And scoundrel link-boys for that end ;
 When they cry up this holy war,
 Which ev'ry Christian should be for,
 Yet such as owe the law their ears,
 We find employ'd as engineers :
 This view my forward zeal so shocks,
 In vain they hold the money-box ;
 At such a conduct, which intends
 By vitious means such virtuous ends,
 I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
 From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease
 I suffer not to prove disease,
 But rise up in the virtuous cause
 Of a free press, and equal laws.
 The press restrain'd ! nefarious thought !
 In vain our fires have nobly fought.
 While free from force the press remains,
 Virtue and freedom cheer our plains,
 And learning largesses bestows,
 And keeps uncensur'd open house.
 We to the nation's public mart
 Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
 And philosophic goods this way,
 Like water-carriage, cheap convey.

This

This tree, which knowledge so affords,
 Inquisitors with flaming swords
 From lay-approach with zeal defend,
 Lest their own paradise should end.
 The press from her fecundous womb
 Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
 Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
 Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
 The monster Superstition fled,
 And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
 And lawless pow'r the long-kept field,
 By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
 This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
 To chain, is treason against sense:
 And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
 None silence, who design no wrongs;
 For those, that use the gag's restraint,
 First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,
 And subjugates the soul to Spleen,
 Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
 And bite not at projector's bait.
 Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
 And yet fresh fools are cast away.
 Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
 Their painted vessel runs a-ground;

Or

Or in deep seas it oversets
 By a fierce hurricane of debts ;
 Or helm-directors in one trip,
 Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
 Such was of late a corporation,
 The brazen serpent of the nation,
 Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
 The poor must look at to be blest,
 And thence expect with paper seal'd
 By fraud and us'ry to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
 Whole years at levees of the great,
 And hungry hopes regale the while
 On the spare diet of a smile.
 There you may see the idol stand
 With mirror in his wanton hand ;
 Above, below, now here, now there
 He throws about the sunny glare :
 Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
 The gay delusion of their eyes.

When fancy tries her limning skill
 To draw and colour at her will,
 And raise and round the figures well,
 And shew her talent to excel,
 I guard my heart, lest it should woo
 Unreal beauties fancy drew,

And,

And, disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things that never were.

When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on æther in the park,
Who e'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news,
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest ;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit,
Who, tho' short-winded, still will aim
To sound the epic trump of Fame,
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat ;
I bless my stars, I never knew
Whimseys, which close pursu'd, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent, and the child of Spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.

Their

Their fancies first delirious grew,
 And scenes ideal took for true.
 Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
 And with false prospects cheats their eyes;
 The fabled goods the poets sing,
 A season of perpetual spring,
 Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
 Affording sweets and similes,
 Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
 And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
 Apollo's harp with airs divine,
 The sacred music of the nine,
 Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
 And for a vacant nitch proud aim,
 Ravish their souls, and plainly shew
 What fancy's sketching pow'r can do :
 They will attempt the mountain steep,
 Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
 The Muses revelations shew,
 That find men crackt, or make them so.

You friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
 Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,
 Nor are content to be undone,
 And pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
 Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
 Afford the most uncertain gain;

And

And lott'ries never tempt the wise
 With blanks so many to a prize.
 I only transient visits pay,
 Meeting the Muses in my way,
 Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
 Nor skill'd to call them by their names.
 Nor can their passports in these days
 Your profit warrant, or your praise.
 On poems by their dictates writ,
 Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,
 And, mere upholst'ers, in a trice
 On gems and paintings set a price.
 These tayl'ring artists for our lays
 Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays
 Striving free nature's shape to hit,
 Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,
 Can serve the plagiary's ends,
 Whose easy vamping talent lies,
 First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
 Thus some devoid of art and skill
 To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
 Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
 By genius doom'd to stay below,
 For their own digging shew the town
 Wit's treasure brought by others down.

Some wanting, if they find a mine,
 An artist's judgment to refine,
 On fame precipitately fixt,
 The ore with baser metals mixt
 Melt down, impatient of delay,
 And call the vicious mass a play.
 All these engage to serve their ends
 A band select of trusty friends,
 Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,
 As Papho taught his birds to sing,
 Then to the ladies they submit,
 Returning officers on wit ;
 A crowded house their presence draws,
 And on the beaux imposes laws,
 And judgment in its favour ends,
 When all the pannel are its friends :
 Their natures merciful and mild
 Have from mere pity sav'd the child ;
 In bulrush ark the bantling found
 Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
 They have preserv'd by kind support,
 And brought the baby-muse to court.

But there's a youth, that you can name,
 Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
 Whose quick maturity of brain
 The birth of Pallas may explain :

Dreaming of whose depending fate,
 I heard Melpomene debate,
 This, this is he, that was foretold,
 Should emulate our Greeks of old,
 Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
 He sings, and rules the varied heart ;
 If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
 We hear the thunder in his verse ;
 If he describe love turn'd to rage,
 The furies riot on his page ;
 If he fair liberty and law
 By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,
 The keener passions then engage
 Aright, and sanctify their rage ;
 If he attempt disastrous love,
 We hear those plaints that wound the grove,
 Within, the kinder passions glow,
 And tears distill'd from pity flow.

From the bright vision I descend,
 And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,
 Strange fever most inflam'd by ease,
 The active lunacy of pride,
 That courts jilt Fortune for a bride.
 This par'dise-tree, so fair and high,
 I view with no aspiring eye :

Like aspine shake the restless leaves,
 And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives ;
 Whence frequent falls give no surprize,
 But fits of spleen call'd growing wise.
 Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd
 Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
 And by its falsly-envy'd scene
 Gives self-debasing fits of spleen.
 We should be pleas'd, that things are so,
 Who do for nothing see the show,
 And, middle-siz'd, can pass between
 Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,
 And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
 A watry sun-shine in the face,
 And pleasures fled too, to redress
 The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,
 So much a stranger to our sight,
 Say, goddess, in what happy place
 Mortals behold thy blooming face ;
 Thy gracious auspices impart,
 And for thy temple chuse my heart.
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
 Thy science learn, to bound desire ;
 By happy alchymy of mind
 They turn to pleasure all they find ;

They both disdain in outward mien
 The grave and solemn garb of spleen,
 And meretricious arts of dress
 To feign a joy, and hide distress ;
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
 Without an opiate they repose ;
 And cover'd by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts, that round them fly ;
 Nor, meddling with the Gods' affairs,
 Concern themselves with distant cares ;
 But place their bliss in mental rest,
 And feast upon the good possess.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
 The blythsome goddess sooths my care,
 I feel the deity inspire,
 And thus she models my desire.
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made,
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;
 Two maids, that never saw the town,
 A serving-man not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow,
 And drive, while t'other holds the plough ;
 A chief of temper form'd to please,
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys,

And

And better to preserve the peace,
 Commission'd by the name of niece,
 With understandings of a size
 To think their master very wise.
 May heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cup-board, little plate
 Display benevolence, not state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land ;
 A pond before full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim,
 Behind, a green like velvet neat,
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet,
 Where od'rous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air,
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground,
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song,
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy too regale,
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
 Like amphitheatre surrounds,
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,

From hills thro' plains in dusk array
 Extended far repel the day.
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
 Invite, and contemplation aid :
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
 The dark decrees and will of fate,
 And dreams beneath the spreading beach
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach,
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,
 Impulses rustle thro' the mind :
 Here Dryads, scorning Phoebus' ray,
 While Pan melodious pipes away,
 In measur'd motions frisk about,
 'Till old Silenus puts them out :
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,
 Vic in variety of green,
 Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
 Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
 And poppy-topknots deck her hair,
 And silver streams thro' meadows stray,
 And Naiads on the margin play,
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills
 From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
 May I enjoy a calm thro' life,

See

See faction, safe in low degree,
 As men at land see storms at sea,
 And laugh at miserable elves,
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,
 Curst with such souls of base alloy,
 As can possess, but not enjoy,
 Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
 By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
 Who wealth hard earn'd by guilty cares
 Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
 May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
 And wearing virtue's liv'ry-smile,
 Prone the distressed to relieve,
 And little trespasses forgive,
 With income not in fortune's pow'r,
 And skill to make a busy hour,
 With trips to town life to amuse,
 To purchase books, and hear the news,
 To see old friends, brush off the clown,
 And quicken taste at coming down,
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
 And slowly mellowing in age,
 When fate extends its gath'ring gripe,
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
 Quit a worn being without pain,
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know!

Th' enthusiast's hopes, and raptures wild
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditations deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep,
Then, fond of new discov'ries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And thro' the wilds of endless space,
Born up on metaphysic wings,
Chafes light forms, and shadowy things,
And in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought:
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene,
Suggested by his restless spleen,
And fancy's telescope applies
With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light.
For who, tho' brib'd by gain to lye,
Dare sun-beam written truths deny,

And

And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask:
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find,
Since optic reason shews me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain,
And legendary fears are gone,
Tho' in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul,
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens divinely great!——
Hold, muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw,

Thro' fields unknown nor madly stray,
 Where no ideas mark the way,
 With tender eyes, and colours faint,
 And trembling hands forbear to paint.
 Who features veil'd by light can hit?
 Where can, what has no outline, sit?
 My soul, the vain attempt forego,
 Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
 He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
 Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
 Nor runs, with wisdom's Sirens caught,
 On quick-sands swell' wing shipwreckt thought,
 But, conscious of his distance, gives
 Mute praise, and humble negatives.
 In one, no object of our sight,
 Immutable and infinite,
 Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
 Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
 To him my past and present state
 I owe, and must my future fate.
 A stranger into life I'm come,
 Dying may be our going home,
 Transported here by angry fate,
 The convicts of a prior state:
 Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
 On matters, I can never know.

Thro'

Thro' life's foul ways, like **vagrant**, pass'd,
 He'll grant a settlement at last,
 And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
 By leave to lay his being down.
 If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
 Of life, no sooner lost but found,
 And dissolution soon to come,
 Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
 But can't our state of pow'r bereave
 An endless series to receive;
 Then, if hard dealt with here by fate
 We ballance in another state,
 And consciousness must go along,
 And sign th' acquittance for the wrong;
 He for his creatures must decree
 More happiness than misery,
 Or be supposed to create,
 Curious to try, what 'tis to hate,
 And do an act, which rage infers,
 'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
 On even keel with gentle gale,
 At helm I make my reason sit,
 My crew of passions all submit.
 If dark and blustering prove some nights,
 Philosophy puts forth her lights,

Experience holds the cautious glass,
 To shun the breakers, as I pass,
 And frequent throws the wary lead,
 To see what dangers may be hid,
 And once in seven years I'm seen
 At Bath, or Tunbridge, to careen;
 Tho' pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
 I mind my compass and my way,
 With store sufficient for relief,
 And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
 Nor wanting the disperseive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the soul,
 I make (may heav'n propitious send
 Such wind and weather to the end)
 Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.

An EPIGRAM,

*On the Reverend Mr. Laurence Eachard's, and Bishop
 Gilbert Burnet's Histories.*

By the same.

GIL's history appears to me
 Political anatomy,
 A case of skeletons well done,
 And malefactors every one.

His

His sharp and strong incision pen
 Historically cuts up men,
 And does with lucid skill impart
 Their inward ails of head and heart.
 LAURENCE proceeds another way,
 And well-dress'd figures does display :
 His characters are all in flesh,
 Their hands are fair, their faces fresh ;
 And from his sweetning art derive
 A better scent, than when alive ;
 He wax-work made to please the sons,
 Whose fathers were GIL's skeletons.

The SPARROW *and* DIAMOND.

A S O N G. *By the same.*

I.

I Lately saw, what now I sing,
 Fair Lucia's hand display'd ;
 This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
 On that a sparrow play'd.

II.

The feather'd play-thing she carest,
 She stroak'd its head and wings ;
 And while it nestled on her breast,
 She lisp'd the dearest things.

III.

III.

With chizzel bill a spark ill fet
He loosen'd from the rest,
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
The easier to digest.

IV.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,
Her diamond to discry:
'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,
Moaning her bird would die.

V.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,
The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their shoes,
The street was laid with straw.

VI.

The doctor us'd his oily art
Of strong emetick kind,
Th' apothecary play'd his part,
And engineer'd behind.

VII.

When physick ceas'd to spend its store
To bring away the stone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone.

VIII. His

VIII.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,

He peck'd behind his wing;

Lucia recov'ring at the news,

Relapses for the ring.

IX.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breast

Two different passions strove;

When av'rice ended the contest,

And triumph'd over love.

X.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,

Thy pains the sex display,

Who only to repair a ring

Could take thy life away!

XI.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,

Monster of foulest mien,

Ye would not let it harbour there,

Could but its form be seen.

XII.

It made a virgin put on guile,

Truth's image break her word,

A Lucia's face forbear to smile,

A Venus kill her bird.

J O V E and S E M E L E.

By the same.

Occasioned by a lady's saying, that none of the ancient poetical Stories reflect so much on the Vanity of Women, as that of Phaëton does on the Ambition of Men.

J O V E for amusement quitted oft his skies,
 To visit earth, contracted to our size ;
 And lov'd (however things in heav'n might go)
 Exceedingly a game at romps below.
 Miss Semele he pickt up, as he went,
 And thought, he pleas'd her to her heart's content.
 But minds aspiring ne'er can be at ease ;
 Once known a god, as man he ceas'd to please.
 In tenderest time, which women know, 'tis said,
 Thus she bespoke the loving god in bed :

Thou, who gav'st Dædalus his mazy art,
 And knowest all things, but a woman's heart,
 Hear my request for something yet untry'd,
 And swear by Styx, I shall not be deny'd.

Fond Jove, like men, the better to succeed
 Took any oath, then bid the girl proceed.

In human guise, great Jove, leave off to rove,
 Deceiving woman-kind, and pilf'ring love,
 What are those joys, which as a man you give,
 To what a god of thunder can atchieve ;

Such

Such measure of love, and might of limbs imploy,
As give immortal madams heav'nly joy.

Jove came array'd, as bound by cruel fate,
And Semele enjoy'd the god in state :
When flaming splendors round his beamy head
Divinely shone, and struck the mortal dead.

Faint from the course though we a while retreat,
To cool, and breathe before another heat ;
The gods can't know, fresh with eternal prime,
Love's stinted pause, nor want recruits from time ;
But must with unabating ardours kiss,
And bear down nature with excess of bliss.

Learn hence, each fair one, whom like beauties
Possess'd of lawless empire by your face, [grace,
Not to do what you list, because you may,
Let cool discretion warm desires allay,
And itching curiosity believe,
A lurking taint deriv'd from mother Eve.
Spare then the men, ye fair, and frankly own,
Your sex, like ours, has had its Phaëton

The

The SEEKER.*By the same.*

WHEN I first came to London, I rambled about
 From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went
 Then on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd [out.
 Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride;
 And, urging their various opinions, intended
 To make me wed systems, which they recommended.

Said a letch'rous old fry'r skulking near Lincoln's-Inn,
 Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to sin,
 Who, spider like, seizes weak protestant flies,
 Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies;
 Ah pity your soul, for without our church pale,
 If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail;
 The bible, you boast, is a wild revelation,
 Hear a church that can't err if you hope for salvation.

Said a formal non-con, whose rich stock of grace
 Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,
 Ah! pity your soul, come, be of our sect,
 For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect;
 As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves faints,
 Being Christ's little flock ev'ry where spoke against.

Said a jolly church parson devoted to ease,
 While penal-law dragons guard his golden fleece,

If

If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;
 The first is in error, the last a deceiver;
 That ours is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,
 And *in medio tutissimus ibis*.

Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and band,
 Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his hand,
 Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
 Tho' about ways and means they may disagree;
 Then prithee be wise, go the quakers by-way,
 'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay.

On Barclay's *Apology for the Quakers*.

By the same.

TH E S E sheets primæval doctrines yield,
 Where revelation is reveal'd:
 Soul-flegm from literal feeding bred,
 Systems lethargic to the head
 They purge, and yield a diet thin,
 That turns to gospel-chyle within.
 Truth sublimate may here be seen
 Extracted from the parts terrene.
 In these is shewn, how men obtain
 What of Prometheus poets feign:
 To scripture plainness dress is brought,
 And speech, apparel to the thought.

They

They hiss from instinct at red coats,
 And war, whose work is cutting throats
 Forbid, and press the law of love,
 Breathing the spirit of the dove :
 Lucrative doctrines they detest,
 As manufactur'd by the priest,
 And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
 For stuff, which never mends the way,
 And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,
 And frank the gospel for our use :
 They sable standing armies break ;
 But the militia useful make ;
 Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,
 Taught by these rules as well as they,
 Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,
 Bid us but follow what we feel.

The world can't hear the small still voice,
 Such is its bustle and its noise ;
 Reason the proclamation reads,
 But not one riot passion heeds.
 Wealth, honour, power the graces are,
 Which here below our homage share :
 They, if one votary they find
 To mistress more divine inclin'd,
 In truth's pursuit to cause delay
 Throw golden apples in his way.

Place

Place me, O heav'n, in some retreat,
 There let the serious death-watch beat,
 There let me self in silence shun,
 To feel thy will, which should be done.

Then comes the spirit to our hut,
 When fast the senses doors are shut;
 For so divine, and pure a guest
 The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.

O contemplation! air serene!
 From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen!
 Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,
 Where grace, when waited for, is found.

Here 'tis, the soul feels sudden youth,
 And meets exulting virgin truth;
 Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,
 Impulses rustle thro' the mind;
 Here shines that light with glowing face,
 The fuse divine, that kindles grace,
 Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,
 Till darkness be by dying past,
 And then goes out at end of night
 Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me! the heats and colds of life,
 Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,
 Breed stormy passions, which confin'd
 Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,

And

And raise despair my lamp can last,
Plac'd, where they drive their furious blast.

False eloquence, big empty sound,
Like showers, that rush upon the ground,
Little beneath the surface goes,
All streams along, and muddy flows.
This sinks, and swells the buried grain,
And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,
Exerts persuasion's winning force,
And nervates so the good design,
That king Agrippa's case is mine.

Well natur'd, happy shade, forgive!
Like you I think, but cannot live,
Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,
That, from dependance life exempt,
And constitution fram'd so strong,
This world's worst climate cannot wrong.
Not such my lot, not fortune's brat,
I live by pulling off the hat,
Compell'd by station every hour
To bow to images of power,
And, in life's busy scenes immerst,
See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent want! whose reasons sway,
And make ten thousand truths give way,

While

While I your scheme with pleasure trace,

Draws near, and stares me in the face.

Consider well your state, she cries,

Like others kneel, that you may rise ;

Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,

To which preferment is annex'd,

Nor madly prove, where all depends,

Idolatry upon your friends.

See, how you like my rueful face,

Such you must wear, if out of place.

Crack'd is your brain to turn recluse

Without one farthing out at use.

They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,

With faith so founded on a rock

May give a rich invention ease,

And construe scripture, how they please.

The honour'd prophet, that of old

Us'd heav'n's high counsels to unfold,

Did, more than courier angels, greet

The crows, that brought him bread and meat.

G R O N G A R

GRONGAR HILL.

*By Mr. DYER.***S**ILENT nymph, with curious eye!

Who, the purple ev'ning, lye

On the mountain's lonely van,

Beyond the noise of busy man,

Painting fair the form of things,

While the yellow Linnet sings;

Or the tuneful Nightingale

Charms the forest with her tale;

Come with all thy various hues,

Come, and aid thy sister muse;

Now while Phœbus riding high

Gives lustre to the land and sky!

Grongar Hill invites my song,

Draw the landskip bright and strong;

Grongar, in whose mossy cells

Sweetly-musing Quiet dwells:

Grongar, in whose silent shade,

For the modest Muses made,

So oft I have, the even still,

At the fountain of a rill,

Sate upon a flow'ry bed,

With my hand beneath my head;

And

And stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 'Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day:
 Wider and wider spreads the vale;
 As circles on a smooth canal:
 The mountains round, unhappy fate,
 Sooner, or later, of all height!
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise:
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads,
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landskip lies below!
 No clouds, no vapours intervene,
 But the gay, the open scene
 Does the face of nature show,
 In all the hues of heaven's bow!
 And, swelling to embrace the light,
 Spreads around beyond the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
 Proudly tow'ring in the skies!
 Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires!
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads!
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks;
 And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dies:
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,
 The slender firr, that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
 And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
 Gawdy as the op'ning dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye!
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,
 And antient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps;

So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds ;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds :
While, ever and anon, there falls,
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of state ;
But transient is the smile of fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, and sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep !
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought ;

Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view ?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky !
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the ev'ning gilds the tide ;
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd thro' hope's deluding glass ;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, and brown, and rough appear ;

Still

Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see :
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air ;
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joy runs high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
While the waters murmur deep ;
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with musick fill the sky.
Now, ev'n now, my joy runs high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will ;
Search for peace with all your skill :
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain ye search, she is not there ;
In vain ye search the domes of care !
Grass and flowers quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,

Along with pleasure, close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side :
 And often, by the murm'ring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar-Hill.

THE
 RUINS of ROME,
 A
 P O E M.

By the Same.

*Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,
 Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ :
 Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ
 Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas ?*

Janus Vitalis.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales
 Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,
 I sung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
 And what in metal or in stone remains

Of

Of proud antiquity, through various realms
 And various languages and ages fam'd,
 Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
 O'er the cloud-piercing Alps, remote ; beyond
 The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
 Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
 To Latium's wide champain, forlorn and waste,
 Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
 Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my muse,
 Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight ;
 Lo the resistless theme, imperial *Rome*.

Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap ; her heroes all
 Sunk in their urns ; behold the pride of pomp,
 The throne of nations fall'n ; obscur'd in dust ;
 Ev'n yet majestic : the solemn scene
 Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
 Flames on the ruins, in the purer air
 Tow'ring aloft, upon the glitt'ring plain,
 Like broken rocks, a vast circumference ;
 Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifted moles,
 Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisc,
 Immense along the waste ; minuter art,
 Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
 O'erwhelming ; as th' immense LEVIATHAN
 The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore

Out-stretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears
 Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
 Grey-mould'ring temples swell, and wide o'ercaft
 The solitary landskape, hills and woods,
 And boundless wilds; while their vine-mantled brows
 The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
 Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes
 Tremble to ev'ry wind. The Pilgrim oft
 At dead of night, mid his oraison hears
 Aghast the voice of time, disparting tow'rs,
 Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
 Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the Moon:
 While murmurs sooth each awful interval
 Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile*,
 Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
 And palmy Euphrates; they with dropping locks
 Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
 The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.

Yet here, advent'rous in the sacred search
 Of antient arts, the delicate of mind,
 Curious and modest, from all climes resort,
 Grateful society! with these I raise
 The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
 Through spiry cypress groves, and tow'ring pine,
Waving

* Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,
 On num'rous arches rear'd : and frequent stopp'd,
 The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
 Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
 Of isles and halls, within the mountain's womb ;
 Nor these the nether works : all these beneath,
 And all beneath the vales and hills around,
 Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
 As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
 Lake of Avernus ; such the sewers huge,
 Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
 Each wave impure ; and, proud with added rains,
 Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
 And thunder ; how they heave their rocks in vain !
 Though now incessant time has roll'd around
 A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
 And yet a thousand, since th' indignant floods
 Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash, and swell,
 In vain ; convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.

Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,
 That weave their glitt'ring waves with tuneful lapse,
 Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,
 Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein
 Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,
 And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,
 And intermingling vines ; and figur'd nymphs,

Flora's and Chloe's of delicious mold,
 Chearing the darkness ; and deep empty tombs,
 And dells, and mould'ring shrines, with old decay
 Rustic and green, and wide-embow'ring shades
 Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding tow'rs ;
 A solemn wilderness ! With error sweet
 I wind the lingring step, where'er the path
 Mazy conducs me, which the vulgar foot
 O'er sculptures maim'd has made ; Anubis, Sphinx,
 Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,
 Terrific, monstrous shapes ! prepost'rous Gods
 Of Fear and Ign'rance, by the sculptor's hand
 Hewn into form, and worship'd : as ev'n now
 Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths *
 In varied appellations : men to these
 (From depth to depth in darkning error fall'n)
 At length ascrib'd th' INAPPLICABLE NAME.

How doth it please and fill the memory
 With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
 Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
 And speaking busts ! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
 Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
 Of Cæsar, raptur'd with the charm of rule
 And boundless fame ; impatient for exploits,

His

* Several statues of the Pagan Gods have been converted into images of saints.

His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
 Above all height : and his own Brutus see,
 Desponding Brutus ; dubious of the right,
 In evil days, of faith, of publick weal
 Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
 Be Tully's graceful attitude ; uprais'd,
 His out-stretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
 Before the silent masters of the world,
 And eloquence arrays him. There behold
 Prepar'd for combat in the front of war
 The pious brothers ; jealous Alba stands
 In fearful expectation of the strife,
 And youthful Rome intent ; the kindred foes
 Fall on each others neck in silent tears ;
 In sorrowful benevolence embrace —
 Howe'er they soon unsheath the flashing sword,
 Their country calls to arms ; now all in vain
 'The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair
 Now weeps in vain ; their country calls to arms.
 Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd ;
 Such were the Fabii, Decii ; so inspir'd
 The Scipio's battled, and the Gracchi spoke :
 So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
 Deep-musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
 Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
 And build me virtuous fame ; nor shall the dust

Of these fall'n piles with shew of sad decay
 Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
 The fate alone of matter——Now the brow
 We gain enraptur'd ; beauteously distinct *
 The num'rous porticos and domes upswell,
 With obelisks and columns interpos'd,
 And pine and fir and oak : so fair a scene
 Sees not the Dervise from the spiral tomb
 Of antient Chammos, while his eye beholds
 Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th'Ægyptian plain :
 Nor hoary Hermit from Hymettus' brow,
 Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath,
 Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
 Lucid Ilyssus, weeps her silent schools,
 And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.

Amid the tow'ry ruins, huge, supreme,
 Th' enormous Amphitheatre behold,
 Mountainous pile ! o'er whose capacious womb
 Pours the broad firmament its varied light ;
 While from the central floor the seats ascend
 Round above round, slow-wid'ning, to the verge,
 A circuit vast and high ; nor less had held
 Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
 When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight,
 And

* From the Palatin hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-rush'd
 Before th' innumerable shouting croud
 The fiery, madd'd, tyrants of the wilds,
 Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
 And desp'rate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent !
 By frequent converse with familiar death,
 To kindle brutal daring apt for war ;
 To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart
 Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
 Impenetrable——But away thine eye ;
 Behold yon steepy cliff ; the modern pile
 Perchance may now delight, while that, rever'd.*
 In antient days, the page alone declares,
 Or narrow coin through dim cerulean rust.
 The fane was Jove's, it's spacious golden roof,
 O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,
 Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
 Half the round sun ascends ; and tower'd aloft,
 Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerable
 As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights.
 Dark'ning their idols, when Astarte lur'd
 Too prosp'rous Israel from his living strength.

And next regard yon venerable dome,
 Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
 Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd

Pantheon ;

* The Capitol.

Pantheon ; plain and round ; of this our world
 Majestic emblem : with peculiar grace,
 Before it's ample orb, projected stands
 The many-pillar'd portal ; noblest work
 Of human skill : here, curious architect,
 If thou assay'st, ambitious, to surpass
 Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones ;
 On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
 And turn th' instructive compass : careful mark
 How far, in hidden art, the noble plain
 Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
 Of flowing sculpture ; nor neglect to note
 How range the taper columns, and what weight
 Their leafy brows sustain : fair Corinth first
 Boasted their order, which Callimachus
 (Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
 Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
 Haply compos'd ; the urn with foliage curl'd
 Thinly conceal'd, the chapter inform'd.

See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
 One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd ;
 Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.
 And there the temple, where the summon'd state *
 In deep of night conven'd : ev'n yet methinks

The

* The temple of Concord, where the senate met on Catilin's conspiracy.

The veh'ment orator in rent attire
 Persuasion pours, ambition sinks her crest;
 And lo the villain, like a troubled sea,
 That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd,
 Shall treason walk? shall proud oppression yoke
 The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch, abash'd,
 Self-betray'd Catiline! O liberty,
 Parent of happiness, celestial born;
 When the first man became a living soul,
 His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
 With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
 Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
 Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
 Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
 Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham and Drake.
 May others more delight in tuneful airs;
 In masque and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone
 Give with superior skill the living look;
 More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
 With warmer touch the visionary board:
 But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
 To check the ravage of tyrannic sway;
 To quell the proud; to spread the joys of peace
 And various blessings of ingenious trade:
 Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
 Ever defend thee with undaunted heart,

Inestimable

Inestimable good ! who giv'st us Truth ;
 Whose hand upleads to light divinest, Truth,
 Array'd in ev'ry charm ; whose hand benign
 Teaches unwearied toil to cloath the fields,
 And on his various fruits inscribes the name
 Of Property : O nobly hail'd of old
 By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
 And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
 And Libya bright, and all-enchancing Greece,
 Whose num'rous towns and isles, and peopled seas,
 Rejoic'd around her lyre ; th' heroic note
 (Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
 And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
 Rear'd up her tow'ry battlements in strength ;
 Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
 Of Tuscan Tiber ; thine those solemn domes
 Devoted to the voice of humble pray'r ;
 And thine those piles undeck'd, capacious, vast,*
 In days of dearth where tender Charity
 Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.
 Thine too those musically-falling founts
 To flake the clammy lip ; adown they fall,
 Musical ever ; while from yon blue hills
 Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
 Turn their innumerable arches o'er

The

* The public granaries.

The spacious desert, bright'ning in the sun,
 Proud, and more proud, in their august approach :
 High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
 Glide the soft whisp'ring waters in the winds,
 And here united pour their silver streams
 Among the figur'd rocks, in murm'ring falls,
 Musical ever. These thy beauteous works :
 And what beside felicity could tell
 Of human benefit : more late the rest ;
 At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,
 When impious tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome *
 Couches beneath the ruins : there of old
 With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars :
 There to their daily sports the noble youth
 Rush'd emulous ; to fling the pointed lance ;
 To vault the steed ; or with the kindling wheel
 In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal ;
 Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
 Strong grappling arms, clos'd heads, and distant feet ;
 Or clash the lifted gauntlets : there they form'd
 Their ardent virtues : lo the bossy piles,
 The proud triumphal arches ; all their wars,
 Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
 And see from ev'ry gate those ancient roads,

With

† Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus
 Martius.

With tombs high-verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame;
 Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad flints
 Such crouds have roll'd, so many storms of war;
 Such trains of consuls, tribunes, sages, kings;
 So many pomps; so many wond'ring realms:
 Yet still, through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
 In even state, to distant seas around,
 They stretch their pavements. Lo the fane of Peace,
 Built by that prince, who to the trust of pow'r*
 Was honest, the delight of human kind.
 Three nodding isles remain; the rest an heap
 Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
 And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
 As from a shining sea, majestic rose
 An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
 Around the brim of Dian's glassy lake,
 Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
 Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board,
 And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
 By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
 Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
 Of antient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
 Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
 Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides †

The

* Begun by Vespasian, finish'd by Titus.

† The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls.

The mould'ring wall, behold yon fabric huge,
 Whose dust the solemn Antiquarian turns,
 And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
 Like Sybil's leaves, collects the builder's name
 Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
 Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:

The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
 In the dun ruins of its ample halls*,
 Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
 Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
 Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
 On Merlin's mount or Snowden's rugged sides,
 Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,
 After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
 Naumachias, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
 From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
 And lead, through various toils, up the rough steep,
 It's hero to the skies: and his dark tow'r†,
 Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,
 And, while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
 Play'd to the flames; and Phoebus' letter'd dome‡;
 And the rough reliques of Carinæ's street,
 Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep

Sits

* The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.

† Nero's.

‡ The Palatin library.

Sits piping with his oaten reed ; as erst
 There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
 When the humble roof Anchises' son explor'd
 Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,
 Amid the thickets : so revolves the scene ;
 So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
 From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
 Of moul'dring urns (their ashes blown away,
 Dust of the mighty) the same story tell ;
 And at it's base, from whence the serpent glides
 Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
 Laments the same, the vision as he views,
 The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
 Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
 Blended in dust together ; where the slave
 Rests from his labours ; where th' insulting proud
 Resigns his pow'r ; the miser drops his hoard ;
 Where human folly sleeps.——There is a mood,
 (I sing not to the vacant and the young)
 There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
 That wings the soul, and points her to the skies ;
 When tribulation cloaths the child of man,
 When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
 'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
 A gently-wak'ning call to health and ease,
 How musical ! When all-devouring time,

Here

Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
 With winds and tempests sweeps his various lyre,
 How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy !

Cool ev'ning comes ; the setting sun displays
 His visible great round between yon tow'rs,
 As through two shady cliffs ; away, my muse,
 Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
 In vast variety, and yet delight
 The many-figur'd sculptures of the path
 Half beauteous, half effac'd ; the traveller
 Such antique marbles to his native land
 Oft hence conveys ; and ev'ry realm and state
 With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
 Deck their long galleries and winding groves ;
 Yet miss we not th'innumerable thefts,
 Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.

Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
 With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
 Of Maro's humble tenement ; a low
 Plain wall remains ; a little sun-gilt heap,
 Grotesque and wild ; the gourd and olive brown
 Weave the light roof ; the gourd and olive fan
 Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
 Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
 Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd :
 Here flow'd his fountain ; here his laurels grew ;
 Here

Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,
 Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd
 With Horace and the ruler of the world :
 Happy Augustus ! who so well inspir'd
 Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
 Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
 And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
 Auspicious to the muses ! then rever'd,
 Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
 Or open mountain, or whatever scene
 The poet chose to tune th' ennobling rhyme
 Melodious ; ev'n the rugged sons of war,
 Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name :
 But now—another age, alas ! is ours—
 Yet will the muse a little longer soar,
 Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
 Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
 And each aggrieves his brother ; since in vain
 The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
 Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint disdain.—

See'st thou yon fane ? ev'n now incessant time *
 Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the dust ;
 And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
 Threatens huge ruin o'er the small Rotund.

'Twas

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatin.

'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
 Th' astonish'd swains with rev'rend awe beheld
 Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
 Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
 Sportive ; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
 Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd your tender
 [limbs :

So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed
 Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
 The conquests, glories, of th'Aufonian state,
 Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
 Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
 And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
 Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
 Green rushes spread the roofs ; and here and there
 Opens beneath the rocks the gloomy cave :
 Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
 Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
 Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
 And gath'ring swains ; and rolls his yellow car
 To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around
 Jealous ; yet soon by wond'rous virtue won,
 They sunk into her bosom. From the plough
 Rose her dictators ; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
 Yes to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers ;

For

For then no private pomp, no household state,
 The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast :
 Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung ?
 Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand ?
 How Manlius sav'd the Capitol ? the choice
 Of steddý Regulus ? As yet they stood,
 Simple of life ; as yet seducing wealth
 Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
 Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields'
 With various fruitage ? murmur not the brooks
 Along the flow'ry vallies ? They content
 Feasted at nature's hand, indelicate,
 Blithe in their easy taste ; and only sought
 To know their duties ; there their only strife,
 Their gen'rous strife, and greatly to perform.
 They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
 Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
 To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
 Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field
 Their dauntless courage ; storming Hannibal
 In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
 The thunder of the battle they return'd
 Back on his Punic shores ; 'till Carthage fell,
 And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
 With pretious spoils : alas prosperity !
 Ah baneful state ! yet ebb'd not all their strength

In soft luxurious pleasures ; proud desire
 Of boundless sway, and ferv'rish thirst of gold,
 Rous'd them again to battle ; beauteous Greece,
 Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
 Half rais'd her rusty shield ; nor could avail
 The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart ;
 Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,
 Which seven brave years beneath the doubtful wing
 Of vict'ry dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
 Over the bloody war : the Roman arms
 Triumph'd, 'till fame was silent of their foes.

And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
 In proud security : the crested helm,
 The plated greave and corselet hung unbrac'd ;
 Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
 But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.

Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
 'Till ev'ry sun annoys, and ev'ry wind
 Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends ;
 For now the frame no more is girt with strength
 Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
 Laughs at the winter storm, and summer beam,
 Superior to their rage : enfeebling vice
 Withers each nerve, and opens ev'ry pore
 To painful feeling : flow'ry bow'rs they seek,
 (As æther prompts, as the sick sense approves)

Or cool Nymphean grotts ; or tepid baths
 (Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along
 The lawny vale, of ev'ry beauteous stone,
 Pile in the roseat air with fond expence :
 Through silver channels glide the fragrant waves,
 And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
 Melodious murmuring ; while luxury
 Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
 Sheds roses, odors, sheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth ; unnumber'd wants,
 Brood of volupt'ousness, cry out aloud
 Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe ;
 The citron board ; the bowl emboss'd with gems,
 And tender foliage, wildly wreath'd around,
 Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
 Corinthian Thericles ; whate'er is known
 Of rarest acquisition ; Tyrian garbs,
 Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
 And flavour'd Chian wines with incense fum'd
 To slake Patrician thirst : for these, their rights
 In the vile streets they prostitute to sale ;
 Their antient rights, their dignities, their laws,
 Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
 Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
 Stretch'd to the yoke ? they come ; the market throngs.
 But who has most by fraud or force amass'd ?

Who

Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
 He be the monarch of the state; and lo
 Didius, vile us'rer; through the croud he mounts *;
 Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cow'rs,
 And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
 O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,
 Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
 Were brave, were virtuous. — Tyranny howe'er
 Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant state,
 And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
 The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
 Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade
 Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,
 Immortal Cæsar! lo, a God, a God,
 He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar mean while
 Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
 Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal
 Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
 To dogs and sycophants: a God, a God!
 The flow'ry shades and shrines obscene return.

But see along the north the tempest swell
 O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
 Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
 Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
 Their domes, their villa's; down the festive piles,

E 2
Down

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And ease, and luxury ! O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine ?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind !
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How do'st thou lure the fortunate and great !
Dreadful attraction ! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulph where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten ; and high-boasting Cham ;
And Elam's haughty pomp, and beauteous Greece ;
And the great queen of earth, imperial ROME.

LONDON:

[FOR]

L O N D O N :

A

P O E M,

In IMITATION of the

THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

By Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

————— *Quis ineptæ*
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?
J U V.

* **T**H O' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Who now resolves, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

E 3

For

J U V. S A T. III.

* *Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici ;*
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

* For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
 Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,
 But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:
 Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.

† While THALES waits the wherry that contains
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
 On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
 Struck with the feat that gave ‡ Eliza birth,
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
 And call Britannia's glories back to view;
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
 The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,

Ere

* — Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ.
 Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
 Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
 Tectorum assiduos, et mille pericula sævæ
 Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense poetas?

† Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
 Substitit ad veteres arcus. —

‡ Q. Elizabeth born at Greenwich.

Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

* Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days,
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise ;
In those curst walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less ;
While yet my stedd' steps no † staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins ;
Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's paintings gay ;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes ;

E 4

Some

* Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor est, here quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exiit alas ;

Dam nova canities — — —

† — — — et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give.

* Let——live here, for——has learn'd to live.

Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite

To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;

Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,

And plead for pirates in the face of day ;

With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,

And lend a lye the confidence of truth.

† Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,

Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,

With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,

And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride shall hold ?

What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold ?

Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,

Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

To such, a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n,

When publick crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n :

‡ But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,

Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?

Who

* Cedamus patriâ : vivant Arturius istic

Et Catulus : maneat qui nigrum in candida vertunt.

† Quis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver. —

Munera nunc edunt. —

‡ Quid Romæ faciam ? mentiri nescio : librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere. —

Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's Court he sing,
 To pluck a titled Poet's borrow'd wing;
 A Statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
 And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
 Despise a fool in half his pension drest,
 And strive in vain to laugh at H——Y's jest.

* Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
 Can sap the principles; or taint the heart;
 With more address a lover's note convey,
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
 Spurn'd as a begger, dreaded as a spy,
 Live unregarded, unlamented die.

† For what but social guilt the friend endears?
 Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.

‡ But thou, should tempting villainy present
 All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
 Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
 Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,

E 5

The

* — Ferre ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,
 Quæ mandat, norint alij : me nemo ministro
 Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

† Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius? —
 Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
 Accusare potest. —

‡ — Tanti tibi non sit opaci
 Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
 Ut somno careas. —

The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unfullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

* The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common shore of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
† I cannot bear a French metropolis.

‡ Illustrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,
But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
His'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politicks import;

Obsequious,

* Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

† ————— Non possum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem. —————

‡ Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

* Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
† They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap;
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

‡ Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And list the tale of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain.

|| Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes.
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

E 6

These

* Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus, —————

† Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit.
Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.

‡ Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum
Hauit Aventini?

|| Quid? quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat.
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?

* These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.

Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage :
† Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye ;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
‡ How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lye without a blush, without a smile ;

Exalt

* Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare : sed illis
Credetur.

† Natio comœda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.

‡ Non sumus ergo pares : melior, qui semper & omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum :
A facie jactare manus : laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.

Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore ;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, carest,
They first invade your table, then your breast ;
* Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

† By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.

This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.

The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke ;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.

‡ Of all the griefs that harrafs the distress,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has

* Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

† ——— Materiem præbet causasque jocosum
Omnibus hic idem ? si fœda et scissa lacerna, &c.

‡ Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

* Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore;
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by STRAIN?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,
† SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPREST:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted croud's tumultuous cries
Roll thro' the streets, and thunder to the skies;
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aking fight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;

Then

* — Agmine facto,
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

† Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi; sed Romæ durior illis
Conatus. —

— — — Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio —

Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis.

* Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

† Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth con-
And spread his flaming palace on the ground, [found,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And publick mournings pacify the skies;
The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
‡ With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the begger'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore,
And raise his treasures higher than before.
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,

Orgilio

† — — — Ultimus autem,
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, testoque juvabit.

* Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres. —

† Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impensas: hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti. —

* Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

† Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry bush with nature's musick rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
‡ Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.

Some

* *Meliora, ac plura reponit*
Perficus orborum lautissimus. —

† *Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,*
Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Frusnone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic — — —

Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis.

‡ — *Possis ignavus haberi,*
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas. —

* Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

† Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

‡ In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

|| Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.

Propose

* *Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat poenas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Peleidæ.* ———

† ——— Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,
Multum præterea flammaram, atque ænea lampas.

‡ Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliæ te
Non deerit: clausis domibus, &c.

|| Maximus in vinclis ferri modus: ut timeas ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et sarcula defint.

Propose your schemes, ye Senatorian band,
 Whose Ways and Means support the sinking land;
 Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
 To rig another convoy for the k — g.

* A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
 Could half the nation's criminals contain;
 Fair Justice then, with out constraint ador'd,
 Held high the steady scale, but deep'd the sword;
 No spies were paid, no special juries known,
 Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

† Much could I add, — but see the boat at hand,
 The tide retiring, calls me from the land:

‡ Farewel! — When youth, and health, and fortune
 Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent; [spent,
 And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
 In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;

Then

* Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
 Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
 Viderant uno contentam carcere Roman.

† His alias poteram, & plures subnectere causas:
 Sed jumenta vocant. —

‡ ——— Ergo vale nostri memor: & quoties te
 Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
 Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam
 Convelle a Cumis: fatirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
 Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

THE
ART of POLITICKS,
In IMITATION of
HORACE's
ART of POETRY.

By the Reverend Mr. BRAMSTON.

IF to a human face Sir James should draw
A gelding's mane, and feathers of maccaw,
A lady's bosom, and a tail of cod,
Who could help laughing at a sight so odd?

Just

* Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne:
Spectatum admissi, risum teneati, amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velit ægri somnia, vanæ

Fingentur

Just such a monster, Sirs, pray think before ye,
 When you behold one man both Whig and Tory.
 Not more extravagant are drunkards dreams,
 Than Low-church politicks with High-church schemes.

Painters, you'll say, may their own fancies use,
 And freeborn Britons may their party chuse;
 That's true, I own: but can one piece be drawn
 For dove and dragon, elephant and fawn?

^b Speakers profess'd, who gravity pretend,
 With motley sentiments their speeches blend:
 Begin like patriots, and like courtiers end.
 Some love to roar, the constitution's broke,
 And others on the nation's debts to joke;
 Some rail, (they hate a commonwealth so much,)
 Whate'er the subject be, against the Dutch;

While

*Fingentur species. — Pictoribus atque Poetis
 Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas;
 Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim:
 Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
 Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.*

* *Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magnâ professis
 Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus & alter
 Assuitur pannus; cum luctus, & ara Dianæ,
 Aut properantis aquæ per amcenos ambitus agros,
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
 Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortasse cupressum
 Scis simulare; quid hoc, si fractis enatat expes
 Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
 Institui; currente rota cur urceus exit?
 Denique sit quidvis, simplex duntaxat & unum.*

While others, with more fashionable fury,
 Begin with turnpikes, and conclude with Fleury;
 Some, when th' affair was Blenheim's glorious battle,
 Declaim'd against importing Irish cattle:
 But you, from whate'er side you take your name,
 Like Anna's motto, always be the same.

• Outfides deceive, 'tis hard the truth to know,
 Parties from quaint denominations flow,
 As Scotch and Irish antiquaries show.
 The low are said to take Fanaticks parts,
 The high are bloody Papists in their hearts.
 Caution and fear to highest faults have run;
 In pleasing both the parties, you please none.
 Who in the house affects declaiming airs,
 Whales in Change-alley paints: in Fish-street, bears.
 Some metaphors, some handkerchiefs display,
 These peep in hats, while those with buttons play,
 And make me think it Repetition-day;

There

• Decipimur specie recti; brevis esse laboro,
 Obscurus fio; sectantem lævia, nervi
 Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turgēt.
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,
 Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
 In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.
 Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues
 Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ore capillos;
 Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
 Nesciet; hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso
 Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.

There knights haranguing hug a neighb'ring post,
And are but quorum orators at most.

Sooner than thus my want of sense expose,
I'd deck out bandy-legs with gold-clock't hose,
Or wear a toupet-wig without a nose.

Nay, I would sooner have thy phyzz, I swear,
Surintendant des plaisirs d'Angleterre *.

^d Ye weekly writers of seditious news,
Take care your subjects artfully to chuse,
Write panegyrick strong, or boldly rail,
You cannot miss preferment, or a goal.
Wrap up your poison well, nor fear to say
What was a lye last night is truth to day;

Tell

* All Mr. Heydegger's letters come directed to him from abroad, *A Monsieur, Monsieur Heydegger, surintendant des plaisirs d'Angleterre.*

^d Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus; & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri: cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deferet hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit & venus, aut ego f. llor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,
Pleraque differat, & præsens in tempus omittat.
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum; si forte necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant.

Tell this, sink that, arrive at Ridpath's praise,
 Let Abel Roper your ambition raise.
 To lye fit opportunity observe,
 Saving some double meaning in reserve;
 But oh, you'll merit everlasting fame,
 If you can quibble on Sir Robert's name.
 In state-affairs use not the vulgar phrase,
 Talk words scarce known in good queen Bess's days,
 New terms let war or traffick introduce,
 And try to bring persuading-ships in use.
 Coin words: in coining ne'er mind common sense,
 Provided the original be French.

• Like South-sea-stock, expressions rise and fall :
 King Edward's words are now no words at all.
 Did aught our predecessors genius cramp ?
 Sure ev'ry reign may have its proper stamp.

ALL

• ——— licuit, semperque licebit
 Signatum præsente nota procudere nomen.
 Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos :
 Prima cadunt, ita verborum vetus interit ætas.
 Debemur morti nos nostraque; sive receptus
 Terrâ Neptunus, classes aquilonibus arcet,
 Regis opus; sterilisve diu palus aptaque remis,
 Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum;
 Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
 Doctus iter melius: mortalia facta peribunt,
 Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia vivax.
 Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
 Quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.

All sublunary things of death partake ;
 What alteration does a cent'ry make ?
 Kings and comedians all are mortal found,
 Cæsar and Pinkethman are under ground.
 What's not destroy'd by time's devouring hand ?
 Where's Troy, and where's the May-pole in the Strand?
 Pease, cabbages, and turnips once grew, where
 Now stands new Bond-street, and a newer square ;
 Such piles of buildings now rise up and down,
 London itself seems going out of town.
 Our fathers cross'd from Fulham in a wherry,
 Their sons enjoy a bridge at Putney-ferry.
 Think we that modern words eternal are ?
 Toupet, and Tompion, Cofins, and Colmar
 Hereafter will be call'd, by some plain man,
 A wig, a watch, a pair of stays, a fan.
 To things themselves if time such change affords,
 Can there be any trusting to our words ?

† To screen good ministers from publick rage,
 And how with party madness to engage,
 We learn from Addison's immortal page.

I

The

† Res gestæ regumque ducumque, & tristia bella,
 Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.
 Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primam,
 Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
 Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,
 Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub judice lis est.

The Jacobite's ridiculous opinion
Is seen from Tickel's letter to Avignon.
But who puts Caleb's Country-Craftsman out,
Is still a secret, and the world's in doubt.

‡ Not long since parish-clerks, with saucy airs,
Apply'd king David's psalms to state-affairs.
Some certain tunes to politicks belong,
On both sides drunkards love a party-song.

‡ If full across the Speaker's chair I go,
Can I be said the rules o'th House to know?
I'll ask, nor give offence without intent,
Nor through mere sheepishness be impudent.

‡ In Acts of Parliament avoid sublime,
Nor e'er address his Majesty in rhyme;
An Act of Parliament's a serious thing,
Begins with year of lord and year of king;

‡ Musa dedit fidibus Divos puerosque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.

‡ Descriptas servare vices operumque colores
Cur ego si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?
Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?

‡ Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult:
Indignatur item privatis, ac prope focco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.
Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.
Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exsul uterque
Projicit ampullas & sesquipedalia verba.

Keeps close to form, in every word is strict,
When it would pains and penalties inflict.

Soft words suit best petitioner's intent ;

Soft words, o ye petitioners of Kent !

* Whoe'er harangues before he gives his vote,
Should send sweet language from a tuneful throat.
Pultney the coldest breast with zeal can fire,
And Roman thoughts by Attick stile inspire ;
He knows from tedious wranglings to beguile
The serious house into a chearful smile ;

When the great patriot paints his anxious fears
For England's safety, I am lost in tears.

But when dull speakers strive to move compassion,
I pity their poor hearers, not the nation :

Unless young members to the purpose keep,
I fall a laughing, or I fall asleep.

† Can men their inward faculties controul ?
Is not the tongue an index to the soul ?

Laugh

* Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunt.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adsunt
Humani vultus ; si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipse tibi : tunc tua me infortunia lædent.
Telephe, vel Peleu ; male si mandata loquæris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

† Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum, &c.
Post effert animi motus interprete Linguâ.

tristitia

Laugh not in time of service to your God,
 Nor bully, when in custody o'th' rod;
 Look grave, and be from jokes and grinning far,
 When brought to sue for pardon at the bar:
 If then you let your ill-tim'd wit appear,
 Knights, citizens, and burgessees will sneer.

For land, or trade, not the same notions fire
 The city-merchant, and the country-'squire;
 Their climes are distant, tho' one cause unites
 The lairds of Scotland, and the Cornish knights.

To likelihood your characters confine;
 Don't turn Sir Paul out, let Sir Paul resign.
 In Walpole's voice (if factions ill intend)
 Give the two universities a friend;
 Give Maidston wit, and elegance refin'd;
 To both the Pelhams give the Scipio's mind;

F 2

To

tristia mœstum
 Vultum verba decent, &c.

Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
 Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.

Intererit multum Davulne loquatur, an Heros:
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;
 Colchus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge.
 Scriptor honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
 Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis;
 Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

To Cart'ret, learning, eloquence, and parts ;
 To George the second, give all English hearts.

◦ Sometimes fresh names in politicks produce,
 And factions yet unheard of introduce ;
 And if you dare attempt a thing so new,
 Make to itself the flying-squadron true.

◦ To speak is free, no member is debarr'd :
 But funds and national accompts are hard :
 Safer on common topicks to discourse,
 The malt-tax, and a military force.
 On these each coffee-house will lend a hint,
 Besides a thousand things that are in print.
 But steal not word for word, nor thought for thought,
 For you'll be teaz'd to death, if you are caught.
 When factious leaders boast increasing strength,
 Go not too far, nor follow ev'ry length :
 Leave room for change, turn with a grace about,
 And swear you left 'em, when you found 'em out.

With

- Siquid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes
 Personam formare novam, fervetur ad imum
 Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constat.
- Difficile est proprie communia dicere : tuque
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
 Quàm si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
 Publica materies privati juris erit, si
 Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem.
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpres ; nec sic desilies imitator in arctum,
 Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.

1 With art and modesty your part maintain;
 And talk like Col'nel Titus, not like Lane.
 The trading knight with rants his speech begins,
 Sun, moon, and stars, and dragons, saints, and kings:
 But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
 When the exclusion-bill was in suspense,
 I hear a lyon in the lobby roar;
 Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
 And keep him there, or shall we let him in
 To try if we can turn him out again?

1 Some mighty blusterers impeach with noise,
 And call their private cry, the nation's voice.
 2 From folio's of accompts they take their handles,
 And the whole ballance proves a pound of candles;
 As if Paul's cupola were brought to bed,
 After hard labour, of a small pin's head.

F 3

Some

1 Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim,
 " Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum."
 Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte,
 " Dic mihi Musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
 " Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.
 1 Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
 Cogitat ———
 1 Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
 Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

* Some Rufus, some the Conqueror bring in,
And some from Julius Cæsar's days begin.
A cunning speaker can command his chops,
And when the house is not in humour, stops;
In falsehood probability employs,
Nor his old lies with newer lies destroys.

“ If when you speak, you'd hear a needle fall,
And make the frequent hear-hims rend the wall,
In matters suited to your taste engage,
Remembring still your quality and age.
Thy task be this, young knight, and hear my song,
What politicks to ev'ry age belong.

* When babes can speak, babes should be taught to say,
King George the second's health, huzza, huzza!
Boys should learn Latin for Prince William's sake,
And girls Louisa their example make.

More

* Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo;
————— & quæ

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit;

Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,

Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

* Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi;

Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque

Suffuri donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat:

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,

Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus & annis.

* Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo

Signat humum, gestit paribus cōcludere, & iram

Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas.

1 More loves the youth, just come to his estate,
 To range the fields, than in the house debate ;
 More he delights in fav'rite jowler's tongue,
 Than in Will Shippen, or Sir William Yonge :
 If in one chase he can two horses kill,
 He cares not two-pence for the land-tax bill :
 Loud in his wine, in women not o'er-nice,
 He damns his uncles if they give advice ;
 Votes as his father did when there's a call,
 But had much rather, never vote at all.

2 We take a diff'rent turn at twenty-six,
 And lofty thoughts on some lord's daughter fix ;
 With men in pow'r strict friendship we pursue,
 With some considerable post in view.

A man of forty fears to change his note,
 One way to speak, and t'other way to vote ;
 Careful his tongue in passion to command,
 Avoids the bar, and speaker's reprimand.

F 4

La

- 1 Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
 Gaudet equis canibusque, & aprici gramine campi ;
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
 Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
 Sublimis, cupidusque, & amata relinquere pernix.
 2 Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis ;
 Quærit opes & amicitias, infervit honori ;
 Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

* In bags the old man lets his treasure rust,
 Afraid to use it, or the funds to trust;
 When stocks are low, he wants the heart to buy,
 And through much caution sees 'em rise too high;
 Thinks nothing rightly done since seventy-eight,
 Swears present members do not talk, but prate:
 In Charles the second's days, says he, ye prigs,
 Torys were Torys then, and Whigs were Whigs.
 Alas! this is a lamentable truth,
 We lose in age; as we advance in youth:
 I laugh, when twenty will like eighty talk,
 And old Sir John with Polly Peachum walk.

b Now as to double, or to false returns,
 When pockets suffer, and when anger burns;
 O thing surpassing faith! knight strives with knight
 When both have brib'd, and neither's in the right.

The

- * Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quod
 Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti.
 Dilator, spe longus iners, avidusque futuri;
 Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
 Se puero, censor castigatoreque minorum.
 Multa ferunt anni venientes comoda secum,
 Multa recedentes adimunt; ne forte seniles
 Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles;
 Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.
- b Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
 Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
 Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator.
 Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

The bailiff's self is sent for in that case,
And all the witnesses had face to face.

Selected members soon the fraud unfold,
In full committee of the House 'tis told;
Th' incredible corruption is destroy'd,
The chairman's angry, and th' election void.

° Those who would captivate the well-bred throng,
Should not too often speak, nor speak too long:
Church, nor church-matters ever turn to sport,
Nor make St. Stephen's chappel, Dover-court.

° The speaker, when the commons are assembl'd,
May to the Græcian chorus be resembl'd;
'Tis his the young and modest to espouse,
And see none draw, or challenge in the house:
'Tis his old hospitality to use,
And three good printers for the house to chuse;

F 5

To

° Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actus
Fabula, quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi;
Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit; nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

° Actoris partes Chorus officiumque virile
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non proposito conducat & hæreat apte:
Ille bonis faveatque, & concilietur amicis,
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis; ille salubrem
Justitiâ, legesque, & apertis otia portis;
Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur & oret,
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

To let each representative be heard,
And take due care the chaplain be preferr'd;
To hear no motion made that's out of joint,
And where he spies his member, make his point.

• To knights new chosen in old time would come
The county trumpet, and perhaps a drum;
Now when a burghers new elect appears,
Come trainbands, horseguards, footguards, grenadeers;
When the majority the town-clerk tells,
His honour pays the fiddles, waits, and bells:
Harangues the mob, and is as wise and great,
As the most mystic oracle of state.

† When the duke's grandson for the county stood,
His beef was fat, and his october good;
His lordship took eack ploughman by the fist,
Drunk to their sons, their wives and daughters kiss'd;
But

- Tibia non, ut nunc Orichalco vineta, tubæque
Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque foramine pauco
Aspirare, & adesse choris erat utilis, &c.
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Lator amplecti murus, &c.
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia, major;
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps:
Utiliumque sagax rerum & divina futuri
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.
- † Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eo quod
Illecebris erat & gratâ novitate morandus.
Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus, & exlex.

But when strong beer their freeborn hearts inflames,
 They sell him bargains, and they call him names.
 Thus is it deem'd in English nobles wise
 To stoop for no one reason but to rise.

‡ Election-matters shun with cautious awe,
 O all ye judges learned in the law ;
 A judge by bribes as much himself degrades,
 As duchess-dowager by masquerades.

‡ Try not with jests obscene to force a smile,
 Nor lard your speech with mother Needham's stile :
 Let not your tongue to *Ἰασηνισμῷ* run,
 And *Κιββερισμῷ* with abhorrence shun ;
 Let not your looks affected words disgrace,
 Nor join with silver tongue a brazen face ;
 Let not your hands, like tallboys, be employ'd,
 And the mad rant of tragedy avoid.
 Just in your thoughts, in your expression clear,
 Neither too modest, nor too bold appear.

F 6

Others

- ‡ Effutire leves indigna Tragoedia versus,
 Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,
 Intererit. Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.
 ‡ Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum,
 Verbaque Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo ;
 Nec sic enitar Tragico differre colori,
 Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur, & audax
 Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum :
 An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.

^g Others in vain a like success will boast,
He speaks most easy, who has study'd most.

^h A peer's pert heir has to the commons spoke
A vile reflection, or a bawdy joke ;
Call'd to the house of lords, of this beware,
'Tis what the bishops' bench will never bear.
Among the commons is such freedom shown,
They lash each other, and attack the throne:
Yet so unskilful or so fearful some,
For nine that speak there's nine-and-forty dumb.

ⁱ When James the first, at great Britannia's helm,
Rul'd this word-clipping and word-coining realm,
No words to royal favour made pretence,
But what agreed in sound and clash'd in sense.
'Thrice happy he! how great that speaker's praise,
Whose ev'ry period look'd an hundred ways.

What

^g ——— Ut fibi quisvis

Speret idem, fudet multum, frustra que laboret.

^h Ne nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta:
Offenduntur enim, quibus est Equus & pater & res,
Nec si quid fricti ciceris probat, & nucis emptor,
Æquis accipunt animis, donantve corona.

ⁱ At nostri proavi Plautinos & numeros &
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati; si modo ego & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus & aure

What then? we now with just abhorrence shun
 The trifling quibble, and the school-boy's pun;
 Tho' no great connoisseur, I make a shift
 Just to find out a Durfey from a Swift;
 I can discern with half an eye, I hope,
 Mist from Jo Addison; from Eusden, Pope:
 I know a farce from one of Congreve's plays,
 And Cibber's opera from Johnny Gay's.

* When pert Defoe his sawcy papers writ,
 He from a cart was pillar'd for his wit:
 By mob was pelted half a morning's space,
 And rotten eggs besmear'd his yellow face;
 The Cenfor then improv'd the list'ning isle,
 And held both parties in an artful smile.
 A scribbling crew now pinching winter brings,
 That spare no earthly nor no heav'nly things,
 Nor church, nor state, nor treasurers, nor kings.

}
 But

* *Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse camœnæ
 Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
 Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti facibus ora:
 Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
 Æschylus, & modicis intravit pulpita rignis,
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
 Successit vetus his Comœdia, non sine multa
 Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
 Dignam lege regi, lex est accepta, chorusque
 Turpiter obtulit, sublato jure nocendis.*

But blasphemy displeases all the town;
 And for defying scripture, law, and crown,
 Woolston should pay his fine, and lose his gown.

1 It must be own'd the journals try all ways
 To merit their respective party's praise:
 They jar in every article from Spain;
 A war these threaten, those a peace maintain:
 Tho' lye they will, to give 'em all their due,
 In foreign matters, and domestick too.
 Whoe'er thou art that would'st a Postman write,
 Enquire all day, and hearken all the night.
 Sure, Gazetteers and writers of Courants
 Might soon exceed th' intelligence of France:
 To be out-done old England should refuse,
 As in her arms, so in her publick news;
 But truth is scarce, the scene of action large,
 And correspondence an excessive charge.

2 There are who say, no man can be a wit
 Unless for Newgate or for Bedlam fit;

Let

1 Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetae:
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
 Ausi deferere, & celebrare domestica facta:
 Nec virtute foret clarifve potentius armis,
 Quàm lingua, Latium, si non offenderet unum —
 Quemque Poetarum limæ labor & mora.

2 Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte
 Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone Poetas.

Democritus,

Let pamphleteers abusive satire write,
To shew a genius is to shew a spite :
That author's work will ne'er be reckon'd good,
Who has not been where Curll the printer stood.

Alas poor me ! you may my fortune guess :
I write, and yet humanity profess :
(Though nothing can delight a modern judge,
Without ill-nature and a private grudge)
I love the king, the queen, and royal race :
I like the government, but want no place :
Too low in life to be a justice I,
And for a constable, thank God, too high :
Was never in a plot, my brain's not hurt ;
I politicks to poetry convert.

A

Democritus, bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam ———
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poetæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam.
Tonfori Licino commiserit.

— O ego lævus,
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam :
Non alius faceret meliora poemata, verum
Nil tanti est : ergo fungar vice coris, acutum.
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi ;
Munus & officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo ;
Unde parentur opes, quid alat formetque Poetam :
Quid deceat, quid non : quò virtus, quò ferat error.

• A politician must (as I have read)
 Be furnish'd, in the first place, with a head :
 A head, well fill'd with Machiavelian brains,
 And stuff'd with precedents of former reigns :
 Must journals read, and magna charta quote ;
 But acts still wiser, if he speaks by note :
 Learns well his lesson, and ne'er fears mistakes ;
 For ready-money ready-speakers makes.
 He must instructions and credentials draw,
 Pay well the army, and protect the law :
 Give to his country what's his country's due,
 But first help brothers, sons, and cousins too.
 He must read Grotius upon war and peace,
 And the twelve judges salary encrease.
 He must oblige old friends and new allies,
 And find out ways and means for fresh supplies.
 He must the weavers grievances redress,
 And merchants wants in merchants words express.

Dramatick

- *Scribendi recte, sapere est & principium & fons :*
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ,
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.
Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis,
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hospes,
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis ; ille profecto,
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

Dramatick poets that expect the bays,
 Should cull our histories for party plays;
 Wickfort's Embassador should fill their head,
 And the State-trials carefully be read:
 For what is Dryden's muse and Otway's plots,
 To th' earl of Essex or the queen of Scots?

'Tis said that queen Elizabeth could speak,
 At twelve years old, right Attick full-mouth'd Greek;
 Hence was the student forc'd at Greek to drudge,
 If he would be a bishop, or a judge.
 Divines and lawyers now don't think they thrive,
 'Till promis'd places of men still alive:
 How old is such an one in such a post?
 The answer is, he's seventy-five almost:

Th'

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
 Doctum imitatore, & veras hunc ducere voces.
 Fabula nullius veneris, sine pondere & arte,
 Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
 Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.
 Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
 Musa loqui, &c.
 Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
 Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat
 Filius urbani, si de quincunce remota est
 Uncia, quid superest? poteris dixisse, triens. Eul
 Rem poteris fervare tuam.
 — redit uncia, quid fit?
 Semis. Ad hæc animos ærugo & cura peculî
 Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
 Posse linenda cedro, & lævi servanda cupressio.

Th' arch-bishop and the master of the rolls?
Neither is young, and one's as old as Paul's.
Will men, that ask such questions, publish books
Like learned Hooker's, or chief justice Cook's?

• On tender subjects with discretion touch,
And never say too little, or too much.

On trivial matters flourishes are wrong,
Motions for candles never should be long:

Or if you move, in case of sudden rain,
To shut the windows, speak distinct and plain.

Unless you talk good English downright sense,
Can you be understood by serjeant Spence?

• New stories always should with truth agree,
Or truth's half-sister, probability:
Scarce could Toft's rabbits and pretended throws
On half the honourable house impose.

• When Cato speaks, young Shallow runs away,
And swears it is so dull he cannot stay:

When

- Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis; ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles;
Cumne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat,
Ficta voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris:
Nec quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi;
Neu pransæ Lamiae vivum puerum extrahat alvo.
- Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis;
Celsi prætereunt austeræ poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Hic

When rakes begin on blasphemy to border,
Bromley and Hanmer cry aloud—to order.

The point is this, with manly sense and ease
T'inform the judgment, and the fancy please.

Praise it deserves, nor difficult the thing,
At once to serve one's country and one's king.

Such speeches bring the wealthy Tonsons gain,
From age to age they minuted remain,

As precedents for George the twentieth's reign.

Is there a man on earth so perfect found,
Who ne'er mistook a word in sense or sound?

Not blund'ring, but persisting is the fault;

No mortal sin is Lapsus Linguæ thought:

Clerks may mistake; confid'ring who 'tis from,

I pardon little slips in Cler. Dom. Com.

But

Hic meret æra liber Sosis, hic & mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus;

Non semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus:

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,

Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo est?

Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,

Quamvis est monitus, venia caret: & citharædus

Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eadem:

Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chærilus ille,

Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror: & idem

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus:

Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

But let me tell you I'll not take his part,
 If ev'ry Thursday he date Die Mart.
 Of sputt'ring mortals 'tis the fatal curse,
 By mending blunders still to make 'em worse.
 Men sneer when—gets a lucky thought,
 And stare if Wyndham should be nodding caught.
 But sleeping's what the wisest men may do,
 Should the committee chance to fit 'till two.

* Not unlike paintings, principles appear,
 Some best at distance, some when we are near.
 The love of politicks so vulgar's grown,
 My landlord's party from his sign is known:
 Mark of French wine, see Ormond's head appear,
 While Marlborough's face directs to beer and beer:
 Some Buchanan's, the Pope's head some like best,
 The Devil tavern is a standing jest.

* Whoe'er you are that have a seat secure,
 Duly return'd, and from petition sure,

Stick

* Ut pictura Poësis erit; quæ, si propius stes,
 Te capiet magis: & quædam, si longius abstes.
 Hæc amet obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri;
 Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit.

* O major juvenum ——— hoc tibi dictum
 Tolle memor, certis medium & tolerabile rebus
 Recte concedi. ———

——— Mediocribus esse Poëtis

Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ.
 Sic, animis natum inventumque Poema juvandis,
 Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

Stick to your friends in whatsoe'er you say ;
With strong aversion shun the middle-way :
The middle-way the best we sometimes call,
But 'tis in politicks no way at all.

A Trimmer's what both parties turn to sport,
By country hated, and despis'd at court.
Who would in earnest to a party come,
Must give his vote, not whimsical, but plumb.
There is no medium : for the term in vogue
On either side is, honest man, or rogue.
Can it be difficult our minds to show,
Where all the difference is, yes, or no ?

✓ In all professions, time and pains give skill ;
Without hard study, dare physicians kill ?
Can he that ne'er read statutes or reports,
Give chamber-counsel, or urge law in courts ?
But ev'ry whipster knows affairs of state,
Nor fears on nicest subjects to debate.
A knight of eighteen hundred pounds a year —
Who minds his head, if his estate be clear ?

Sure

✓ *Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis ;
Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit,
Ne spissæ risum tollant impunè coronæ ;
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. —*

Quidni ?

*Liber & ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Membranis intus positus, delere licebit
Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti.*

Sure he may speak his mind, and tell the house,
 He matters not the government a louse.
 Lack-learning knights, these things are safely said
 To friends in private, at the Bedford-head :
 But in the house, before your tongue runs on,
 Consult sir James, lord William's dead and gone.
 Words to recall is in no member's power,
 One single word may send you to the Tower.

² The wrong'd to help, the lawless to restrain,
 Thrice ev'ry year, in ancient Egbert's reign,
 The members to the Mitchelgemet went,
 In after-ages call'd the Parliament ;
 Early the Mitchelgemet did begin
 T' enroll their statutes, on a parchment skin :
 For impious treason hence no room was left,
 For murder, for polygamy, or theft :
 Since when the senate's power both sexes know
 From hops and claret, soap and callico.

Now

² Sylvestres homines facer interpretsque Deorum
 Cædibus & victu sædo deterruit Orpheus.

— Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
 Publica privatis fecernere, sacra profanis :
 Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis :
 Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.

— Dictæ per carmina sortes,
 Et vitæ monstrata via est, & gratia regum
 Pieriis tentata modis : ludusque repertus,
 Et longorum operum finis :

— ne forte pudori
 Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.

Now wholesome laws young senators bring in
 'Gainst goals, attornies, bribery, and gin.
 Since such the nature of the British state,
 The power of parliament so old and great,
 Ye 'squires and Irish lords, 'tis worth your care
 To be return'd for city, town, or shire,
 By sheriff, bailiff, constable, or mayor.

^a Some doubt, which to a seat has best pretence,
 A man of substance, or a man of sense:
 But never any member seats will do,
 Without a head-piece and a pocket too;
 Sense is requir'd the depth of things to reach,
 And money gives authority to speech.

^b A man of bus'ness won't 'till ev'ning dine,
 Abstains from women, company, and wine:
 From Fig's new theatre he'll miss a night,
 Tho' cocks, and bulls, and Irish women fight:
 Nor sultry sun, nor storms of soaking rain,
 The man of bus'ness from the house detain:

Nor

- ^a *Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
 Quæsitum est; ego nec studium sine divite vena,
 Nec rude quid profit video ingenium; alterius sic
 Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.*
- ^b *Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit & alsit,
 Abstinet venere & vino —
 Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango:
 Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turpe relinqui est,
 Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.*

Nor speaks he for no reason but to say,
 I am a member, and I spoke to-day.
 I speak sometimes, you'll hear his lordship cry,
 Because some speak that have less sense than I.

‘ The man that has both land and money too,
 May wonders in a trading-borough do :
 They'll praise his ven'son, and commend his port,
 Turn their two former members into sport,
 And, if he likes it, satirize the court. }
 But at a feast 'tis difficult to know
 From real friends an undiscover'd foe ;
 The man that swears he will the poll secure,
 And pawns his soul that your election's sure,
 Suspect that man : beware, all is not right,
 He's ten to one, a corporation-bite.

Alderman

‘ Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poeta,
 Dives agris, dives positus in scenore nummis.
 Si vero est unctum qui recte ponere possit,
 Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris
 Litibus implicitum, mirabor, si sciet inter -
 Noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.
 Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare velis cui,
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
 Lætitiæ : clamabit enim, pulchre, bene, recte.
 — si carmina condes,
 Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

* Alderman Pond, a downright honest man,
Would say, I cannot help you, or I can:
To spend your money, fir, is all a jest;
Matters are settled, set your heart at rest:
We've made a compromise, and, fir, you know,
That sends one member high, and t'other low.
But if his good advice you would not take,
He'd scorn your supper, and your punch forsake,
Leave you of mighty interest to brag,
And poll two voices like fir Robert Fag.

* Parliamenteering is a sort of itch,
That will too oft unwary knights bewich.
Two good estates fir Harry Clodpole spent;
Sate thrice, but spoke not once, in parliament:
Two good estates are gone—Who'll take his word?
Oh! should his uncle die, he'd spend a third:

^d Quintilio si quid recitares, corrige fodes
Hoc, aieb.t, & hoc: melius te posse negares
Bis terque expertum frustra, delore judebat.
Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, malle,
Nullum ultra verbum aut operam infumebat inanem;
Quin sine rivali teque & tua solus amares.

* Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
——— dicam Siculique poetæ.

Narrabo interitum ———
Nec semel hoc fecit, nec si retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo, aut ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus:
Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo;
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

He'd buy a house his happiness to crown,
 Within a mile of some good borough-town;
 Tag, rag, and bobtail to sir Harry's run,
 Men that have votes, and women that have none:
 Sons, daughters, grandsons, with his honour dine;
 He keeps a public-house without a sign.
 Cobblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice,
 And drunken taylors boast their right of voice.
 Dearly the free-born neighbourhood is bought,
 They never leave him while he's worth a groat:
 So leeches stick, nor quit the bleeding wound,
 Till off they drop with skinfuls to the ground.

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THE
MAN of TASTE.

OCCASION'D by an

EPISTLE

Of Mr. POPE's on that Subject.

By the same.

WHoe'er he be that to a Taste aspires,
Let him read this, and be what he desires.

In men and manners vers'd from life I write,
Not what was once but what is now polite.
Those who of courtly France have made the tour,
Can scarce our English awkwardness endure.
But honest men who never were abroad,
Like England only, and its Taste applaud.
Strife still subsists, which yields the better goût;
Books or the world, the many or the few.

True Taste to me is by this touchstone known,
That's always best that's nearest to my own.
To shew that my pretensions are not vain,
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.

Pears and pistachio-nuts my mother sold,
 He a dramatic-poet, she a scold.
 His tragic muse could countesses affright,
 Her wit in boxes was my lord's delight.
 No mercenary priest e'er join'd their hands,
 Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetic bands.
 Laws my Pindaric parents matter'd not,
 So I was tragi-comically got.
 My infant tears a sort of measure kept,
 I squall'd in distichs, and in triplets wept.
 No youth did I in education waste,
 Happy in an hereditary Taste.
 Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,
 Nor barb'rous birch e'er brush'd my tender bum.
 My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college cook,
 My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.
 Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach,
 Good parts are better than eight parts of speech :
 Since these declin'd, those undeclin'd they call,
 I thank my stars, that I declin'd them all.
 To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,
 I trust to mother wit, and father sense.
 Nature's my guide, all sciences I scorn,
 Pains I abhor, I was a Poet born.

Yet is my goût for criticism such,
 I've got some French, and know a little Dutch.

Huge

Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,
 Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.
 Critics indeed are valuable men,
 But hyper-critics are as good agen.
 Tho' Blackmore's works my soul with raptures fill,
 With notes by Bently they'd be better still.
 The Boghouse-Miscellany's well design'd,
 To ease the body, and improve the mind.
 Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
 For he displeases me, that pleases all.
 Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
 Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
 To him as nature, when he ceas'd to see,
 Milton's an universal blank to me.
 Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,
 Rhyme is the poet's pride, and peoples choice.
 Always upheld by national support,
 Of market, university, and court:
 Thompson, write blank; but know that for that reason,
 These lines shall live, when thine are out of season.
 Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
 As London ladies owe their shape to stays.
 Had Cibber's self the Careless Husband wrote,
 He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote:
 But for his epilogues and other plays,
 He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.

It pleases me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,
 While Cibber wears the bays for playhouse prose.
 So Britain's monarch once uncover'd fate,
 While Bradshaw bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Long live old Curl! he ne'er to publish fears,
 The speeches, verses, and last wills of peers.
 How oft has he a public spirit shewn,
 And pleas'd our ears regardless of his own?
 But to give merit due, though Curl's the fame,
 Are not his brother book-sellers the same?
 Can statutes keep the British press in awe,
 While that sells best, that's most against the law?

Lives of dead play'rs my leisure hours beguile,
 And Sessions-papers tragedize my stile.
 'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,
 So oft a mother, and not once a wife:
 She could with just propriety behave,
 Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave;
 Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,
 By prebends bury'd and by generals kept.

T'improve in morals Mandevil I read,
 And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.
 I travell'd early, and I soon saw through
 Religion all, e'er I was twenty-two.
 Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,
 When ropes or opium can my ease procure?

When

When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
Self-murder is an honourable way.

As Pasaran directs I'd end my life,
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.
Burn but that Bible which the parson quotes,
And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,
I have a taste for buildings, music, men.
Young travell'd coxcombs, mighty knowledge boast,
With superficial smatterings at most.
Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,
Knows more than Budget writes, or Roberts prints.
I know the town, all houses I have seen,
From High-Park corner down to Bednal-Green.
Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones,
To murder mortar, and disfigure stones!
Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern?
I reckon Covent-garden church a barn.
Nor hate I less thy vile cathedral, Paul!
The choir's too big, the cupola's too small:
Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
'Tis Vanbrug's structures that my fancy strikes:
Such noble ruins ev'ry pile wou'd make,
I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.
To lofty Chelsea, or to Greenwich dome,
Soldiers and sailors all are welcom'd home.

Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,
 St. James's hospital may serve for kings.
 Buildings so happily I understand,
 That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.
 Doric, Ionic, shall not there be found,
 But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound.
 From out my honest workmen, I'll select
 A Bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect;
 First bid him build me a stupendous dome,
 Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome;
 Take a weeks view of Venice and the Brent,
 Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.
 I'll have my Villa too, a sweet abode,
 Its situation shall be London road:
 Pots o'er the door I'll place like Cits balconies,
 Which * Bentley calls the Gardens of Adonis.
 I'll have my Gardens in the fashion too,
 For what is beautiful that is not new?
 Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye,
 With all the angles of a Christmas-pye.
 Does it not merit the beholder's praise,
 What's high to sink? and what is low to raise?
 Slopes shall ascend where once a green house stood,
 And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.

Let

* Bentley's Milton, Book 9. ver. 439.

Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,
Expende and alteration shew a Taste.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
And know their several beauties by their price.
Auctions and sales I constantly attend,
But chuse my pictures by a skilful friend.
Originals and copies much the same,
The picture's value is the painter's name.

My taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,
I buy no statues that are not obscene.
In spite of Addison and ancient Rome,
Sir Cloudesly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.
How oft have I with admiration stood,
To view some city-magistrate in wood,
I gaze with pleasure on a lord-mayor's head,
Cast with propriety in gilded lead.
Oh could I view through London as I pass,
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian brass;
High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place
His magisterial paunch and griping face;
Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,
And grant the tradesman, what a king's deny'd.

Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.
But among friends if I the truth might speak,
I like the modern, and despise th' antique.

Tho' in the draw'rs of my japan bureau,
 To lady Gripeall I the Cæsars shew,
 'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,
 A copper Otho, or a Scotch baubèe.

Without Italian, or without an ear,
 To Bononcini's music I adhere :
 Music has charms to sooth a savage beast,
 And therefore proper at a sheriffs feast.
 My soul has oft a secret pleasure found,
 In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound.
 Bagpipes for men, shrill German-flutes for boys,
 I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.
 The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,
 And scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.
 Let Senesino sing, what David writ,
 And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.
 Eager in throngs the town to Hester came,
 And Oratorio was a lucky name.
 Thou, Heeideggre ! the English taste hast found,
 And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.
 In Lent, if Masquerades displease the town,
 Call 'em Ridotto's, and they still go down :
 Go on, prince Phyz ! to please the British nation,
 Call thy next Masquerade a Convocation.
 Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,
 And Philosophical Transactions read.

Next

Next lodge I'll be Free-Mason, nothing less,
Unless I happen to be F. R. S.

I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,
Fit company for porters, or for peers.

Of ev'ry useful knowledge I've a share,

But my top talent is a bill of fare.

Sir loins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,

Pleas'd with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb-pies.

Dishes I chuse though little, yet genteel,

Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal.

Pigs heads with hair on, much my fancy please,

I love young colly-flow'rs if stew'd in cheese,

And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.

No tatling servants to my table come,

My grace is silence, and my waiter dumb.

Queer country-puts extol queen Bess's reign,

And of lost hospitality complain.

Say thou that do'st thy father's table praise,

Was there mahogena in former days?

Oh! could a British barony be sold!

I would brighter honour buy with dazling gold.

Could I the privilege of peer procure,

The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.

To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,

On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.

I'd make the insolent mechanics stay,
 And keep my ready money all for play.
 I'd try if any pleasure could be found,
 In tossing-up for twenty thousand pound.
 Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,
 And set land, woods, and rivers, at a throw.
 But should I meet with an unlucky run,
 And at a throw be gloriously undone ;
 My debts of honour I'd discharge the first,
 Let all my lawful creditors be curst :
 My title would preserve me from arrest,
 And seising hired horses is a jest.
 I'd walk the morning with an oaken stick,
 With gloves and hat, like my own footman, Dick.
 A footman I wou'd be, in outward show,
 In sense, and education, truly so.
 As for my head, it should ambiguous wear
 At once a periwig, and its own hair.
 My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
 And dress, and talk of dressing, more than they.
 I'll please the maids of honour, if I can ;
 Without black-velvet breeches, what is man ?
 I will my skill in button-holes display,
 And brag how oft I shift me ev'ry day.
 Shall I wear cloaths, in awkward England made ?
 And sweat in cloth, to help the woollen trade ?

In French embroid'ry and in Flanders lace
 I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.
 Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,
 And I'd out-di'mond even the di'mond count.
 I would convince the world by taudry cloa's,
 That Belles are less effeminate than beau's,
 And doctor Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.
 To boon companions I my time would give,
 With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live.
 I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
 And to rough-riders give my choicest wine.
 I would caters some stableman of note,
 And imitate his language, and his coat.
 My ev'nings all I would with sharpeners spend,
 And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend.
 In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,
 And sup with Colly Cibber ev'ry night.

Should I perchance be fashionably ill,
 I'd send for Misfaubin, and take his pill.
 I should abhor, though in the utmost need,
 Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead:
 But if I found that I grew worse and worse,
 I'd turn off Misfaubin and take a nurse.
 How oft, when eminent physicians fail,
 Do good old womens remedies prevail?

When

When beauty's gone, and Chloe's struck with years,
 Eyes she can couch, or she can fyringe ears.
 Of gradnates I dislike the learned rout,
 And chuse a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd,
 Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.
 Back to your Universities, ye fools,
 And dangle arguments on strings in schools:
 Those schools which Universities they call,
 'Twere well for England were there none at all.
 With ease that loss the nation might sustain,
 Supply'd by Goodman's Fields and Drury-lane.
 Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,
 Compar'd to Haymarket, and Covent-garden:
 Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these,
 Turn players all, and take your 'squires degrees..
 Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,
 Ye book-learn'd seats! the theatres have more:
 Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb.
 A singing eunuch gets a larger sum.
 Have some of you three hundred by the year.
 Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand clear.
 Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join
 A year's rack-rent, and arbitrary fine:
 Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,
 For playhouse, opera, ball, and masquerade,

Glad

Glad I congratulate the judging age,
The players are the world, the world the stage.

I am a politician too, and hate
Of any party, ministers of state:
I'm for an Act, that he, who sev'n whole years
Has serv'd his king and country, lose his ears.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified you find,
To give the laws of Taste to human kind,
Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,
For books, and buildings, politics, and dress.
This is true Taste, and whoso likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.

AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

By BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET.

*Oderunt bilarem tristes, tristemque jocosum,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gravumque remissi.*

HORAT.

THE art of converse, how to sooth the soul
Of haughty man, his passions to controul,
His pride at once to humble and to please,
And joins the dignity of life with ease,
Be now my Theme. O thou, whom nature's hand
Fram'd for this best, this delicate command,
And taught, when lisping without reason's aid,
At the same time to speak and to persuade,
WINDHAM, with diligence awhile attend,
Nor scorn th' instructions of an older friend;
Who, when the world's great commerce shall have join'd
The deep reflection, and the strength of mind,

To

To the bright talents of thy youthful state,
In turn shall on thy better lessons wait.

Whence comes it, that in every art we see
Many can rise to a supreme degree ;
Yet in this art, for which all seem design'd
By nature, scarcely one compleat we find ?
You'll say, perhaps, we think, we speak, we move,
By the strong springs alone of selfish love :
Yet among all the species, is there one,
Whom, with more caution than ourselves, we shun ?
What is it fills a puppet-shew, or court ?
Go none but for the profit, or the sport ?
If so, why comes each soul fatigu'd away,
And curses the dull puppets same dull play ;
Yet, unconvinc'd, is tempted still to go ?
'Tis, that we find at home our greatest foe.
And reason good why solitude we flee ;
Can wants with self-sufficiency agree ?

Yet, such our inconsistency of mind,
We court society, and hate mankind.
With some we quarrel, for they're too sincere ;
With others, for they're close, reserv'd, and queer :
This is too learn'd, too prudent, or too wise ;
And that we for his ignorance despise :
A voice perhaps our ear shall harshly strike,
Then strait e'en wit itself shall raise dislike :

Our

Our eye may by some feature be annoy'd,
 Behold at once a character destroy'd !
 One's so good-natur'd, he's beyond all bearing ;
 He'll ridicule no friend, tho' out of hearing :
 Another, warm'd with zeal, offends our eyes,
 Because he holds the mirror up to vice.
 No wonder then, since fancies wild as these
 Can move our spleen, that real faults displease.
 When Mæviu's, spite of dullness, will be bright,
 And teach ARGYLL to speak, and SWIFT to write ;
 When Flavia entertains us with her dreams,
 And Macer with his no less airy schemes ;
 When peevishness, and jealousy, and pride,
 And int'rest that can brother-hearts divide,
 In their imagin'd forms our eyesight hit,
 Of an old maid, a poet, peer or cit ;
 Can then, you'll say, philosophy refrain,
 And check the torrent of each boiling vein ?
 Yes. She can still do more ; view passion's slave
 With mind serene, indulge him, and yet save.

But self-conceit steps in, and with strict eye
 Scans every man, and every man awry ;
 That reigning passion, which, thro' every stage
 Of life, still haunts us with unceasing rage,
 No quality so mean, but what can raise
 Some drudging driveling candidate for praise ;

E'en

E'en in the wretch, whom wretches can despise,
 Still self-conceit will find a time to rise.
 Quintus salutes you with forbidding face,
 And thinks he carries his excuse in lace:
 You ask, why Clodius bullies all he can?
 Clodius will tell you, he's a gentleman:
 Myrtilia struts and shudders half the year,
 With a round cap, that shews a fine turn'd ear:
 The lowest jest makes Delia laugh to death;
 Yet she's no fool, she has only handsome teeth.
 Ventoso lolls, and scorns all humankind
 From the gilt coach with four lac'd slaves behind:
 Does all this pomp and state proceed from merit?
 Mean thought! he deems it nobler to inherit:
 While fopling from some title draws his pride,
 Meanless, or infamous, or misapply'd;
 Free-mason, rake or wit, 'tis just the same;
 The charm' is hence, he has gain'd himself a name.
 Yet, spite of all the fools that pride has made,
 'Tis not on man an uselefs burthen laid:
 Pride has ennobled some, and some disgrac'd;
 It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis plac'd:
 When right, its view knows none but vertue's bound;
 When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.
 Mark! with what care the fair one's critic eye
 Scans o'er her dress, nor lets a fault slip by;

Each,

Each rebel hair must be reduc'd to place
 With tedious skill, and tortur'd into grace ;
 Betty must o'er and o'er the pins dispose,
 'Till into modish folds the drapery flows,
 And the whole frame is fitted to express
 The charms of decency and nakedness.
 Why all this art, this labour'd ornament ?
 To captivate, you'll cry no doubt, 'tis meant.
 True. But let's wait upon this fair machine
 From the lone closet to the social scene ;
 There view her loud, affected, scornful, sour,
 Paining all others, and herself still more.
 What means she, at one instant to disgrace
 The labour of ten hours her much-lov'd face ?
 Why ? 'tis the self-same passion gratify'd ;
 The work is ruin'd, that was rais'd, by pride.
 Yet of all tempers, it requires least pain,
 Could we but rule ourselves, to rule the vain.
 The prudent is by reason only sway'd,
 With him each sentence and each word is weigh'd :
 The gay and giddy can alone be caught
 By the quick lustre of a happy thought ;
 The miser hates, unless he steals your pelf ;
 The prodigal, unless you rob yourself ;
 The leud will shun you, if your wife prove chaste ;
 The jealous, if a smile on his be cast ;

The

The steady or the whimsical will blame,
 Either, because you're not, or are, the same;
 The peevish, fullen, shrewd, luxurious, rash,
 Will with your vertue, peace, or interest, clash;
 But mark the proud man's price, how very low!
 'Tis but a civil speech, a smile, or bow.

Ye who, push'd on by noble ardor, aim
 In social life to gain immortal fame,
 Observe the various passions of mankind,
 General, peculiar, single, or combin'd:
 How youth from manhood differs in its views,
 And how old age still other paths pursues;
 How zeal in Priscus nothing more than heats,
 In Codex burns, and ruins all it meets;
 How freedom now a lovely face shall wear,
 Now shock us in the likeness of a bear;
 How jealousy in some resembles hate,
 In others, seems but love grown delicate;
 How modesty is often pride refin'd,
 And vertue but the canker of the mind;
 How love of riches, grandeur, life and fame,
 Wears different shapes, and yet is still the same.

But not our passions only disagree,
 In taste is found as great variety:
 Sylvius is ravish'd when he hears a hound,
 His lady hates to death the odious sound:

Yet both love music, tho' in different ways ;
 He in a kennel, she at opera's.
 A florist shall, perhaps not grudge some hours,
 To view the colours in a bed of flowers ;
 Yet, shew him TITIAN's workmanship divine,
 He passes on, and only cries 'tis fine.
 A rusty coin, an old worm-eaten post,
 The mouldy fragment of an author lost,
 A butterfly, an equipage, a star,
 A globe, a fine laced-head, a china jar,
 A mistress, or a fashion, that is new,
 Have each their charms, tho' felt but by a few.
 Then study each man's passions and his taste,
 The first to soften, and indulge the last :
 Not like the wretch, who beats down vertue's fence,
 And deviates from the paths of common sense ;
 Who daubs with fulsome flattery, blind and bold,
 The very weakness we with grief behold.
 Passions are common to the fool and wife,
 And all would hide them under art's disguise ;
 For so avow'd, in others, is their shame,
 None hates them more, than he who has the same.
 But taste seems more peculiarly our own,
 And every man is fond to make his known ;
 Proud of a mark he fancies is design'd
 By nature to advance him o'er his kind ;

And where he sees that character impress'd,
With joy he hugs the favourite to his breast.

But the main stress of all our cares must lye,
To watch ourselves with strict and constant eye :
To mark the working mind, when passions' course
Begins to swell, and reason still has force ;
Or, if she's conquer'd by the stronger tide,
Observe the moments when they first subside :

For he who hopes a victory to win
O'er other men, must with himself begin ;
Else, like a town by mutiny oppress'd,
He's ruin'd by the foe within his breast :
And they alone, who in themselves oft view
Man's image, know what method to pursue.

All other creatures keep in beaten ways,
Man only moves in an eternal maze :
He lives and dies, not tam'd by cultivation :
The wretch of reason, and the dupe of passion :
Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn ;
More prone to doubt, than anxious to discern :
Tir'd with old doctrines, prejudic'd at new ;
Mistaking still the pleasing for the true :
Foe to restraints approv'd by general voice,
Yet to each fool-born mode a slave by choice :

Of rest impatient, yet in love with ease ;
When most good-natur'd, aiming how to tease :

Disdaining

Disdaining by the vulgar to be aw'd,
 Yet never pleas'd but when the fools applaud:
 By turns severe, indulgent, humble, vain;
 A trifle serves to lose him or to gain.

Then grant this trifle, yet his vices shun,
 Not like to CATO or to * CLINIAS's son:
 This for each humour every shape could take,
 Ev'n vertue's own, tho' not for vertue's sake;
 At Athens rakish, thoughtless, full of fire,
 Severe at Sparta, as a Chartreux fryar;
 In Thrace, a bully, drunken, rash and rude;
 In Asia gay, effeminate and leud;
 While the rough Roman, vertue's rigid friend,
 Cou'd not, to save the cause he dy'd for, bend:
 In him 'twas scarce an honour to be good,
 He more indulg'd a passion, than subdu'd.
 See how the skilful lover spreads his toils,
 When eager in pursuit of beauty's spoils!
 Behold him, bending at his idol's feet;
 Humble, not mean; disputing, and yet sweet:
 In rivalship not fierce, nor yet unmov'd;
 Without a rival studious to be lov'd;
 For ever chearful, tho' not always witty,
 And never giving cause for hate or pity:

These

* Alcibiades.

These are his arts, such arts as must prevail,
 When riches, birth, and beauty's self, will fail :
 And what he does to gain a vulgar end,
 Shall we neglect, to make mankind our friend ?

Good sense and learning may esteem obtain ;
 Humour and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en ;
 Fair vertue admiration may impart ;
 But 'tis good nature only wins the heart :
 It molds the body to an easy grace,
 And brightens every feature of the face :
 It smooths th' unpolish'd tongue with eloquence,
 And adds persuasion to the finest sense.
 Yet this, like every disposition, has
 Fixt bounds, o'er which it never ought to pass ;
 When stretch'd too far, its honour dies away,
 Its merit sinks, and all its charms decay ;
 Among the good it meets with no applause,
 And to its ruin the malicious draws :
 A slave to all, who force it, or entice,
 It falls by chance in vertue or in vice.
 'Tis true, in pity for the poor it bleeds,
 It cloaths the naked, and the hungry feeds ;
 It cheers the stranger, nay its foe defends,
 But then as oft it injures its best friends.

Study with care politeness, that must teach
 The modish forms of gesture and of speech :

In vain formality, with matron mien,
 And pertness apes her with familiar grin;
 They against nature for applauses strain,
 Distort themselves, and give all others pain:
 She moves with easy, tho' with measur'd pace,
 And shews no part of study, but the grace.
 Yet ev'n by this man is but half refin'd,
 Unless philosophy subdues the mind:
 'Tis but a varnish that is quickly lost,
 Whene'er the soul in passion's sea is tost.

Wou'd you both please and be instructed too,
 Watch well the rage of shining to subdue;
 Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
 And ever be more knowing than you seem.
 The lowest genius will afford some light,
 Or give a hint that had escap'd your sight.
 Doubt, till he thinks you on conviction yield,
 And with fit questions let each pause be fill'd;
 And the most knowing will with pleasure grant,
 You're rather much reserv'd, than ignorant.

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,
 But are not therefore fit for all alike;
 They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
 And raise a foe as often as a friend;
 Like the resistless beams of blazing light,
 That cheer the strong, and pain the weakly sight.

If

If a bright fancy therefore be your share,
 Let judgment watch it with a guardian's care :
 'Tis like a torrent apt to overflow,
 Unless by constant government kept low ;
 And ne'er inefficacious passes by,
 But overturns or gladdens all that's nigh.
 Or else, like trees, when suffered wild to shoot,
 That put forth much, but all unripen'd fruit ;
 It turns to affectation and grimace,
 As like to wit, as dullness is to grace.

How hard foe'er it be to bridle wit,
 Yet mem'ry oft no less requires the bit :
 How many, hurried by its force away,
 For ever in the land of gossips stray ?
 Usurp the province of the nurse to lull,
 Without her privilege for being dull ?
 Tales upon tales they raise ten stories high,
 Without regard to use or symmetry :
 So R———, till his destin'd space is fill'd,
 Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build.
 A story should, to please, at least seem true,
 Be a propos, well told, concise, and new ;
 And whensoever it deviates from these rules,
 The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools.
 But others, more intolerable yet,
 The waggeries, that they've said, or heard, repeat ;

Heavy by mem'ry made, and what's the worst,
At second-hand, as often as at first.

And can even patience hear, without disdain,
The maiming register of sense once slain ?
While the dull features, big with archness, strive
In vain, the forc'd half-smile to keep alive.

Some know no joy like what a word can raise,
Haul'd thro' a language's perplexing maze ;
Till on a mate, that seems t'agree, they light,
Like man and wife, that still are opposite ;
Not lawyers at the bar play more with sense,
When brought to the last trope of eloquence,
Than they on ev'ry subject, great or small,
At clubs, or counsels, at a church, or ball ;
Then cry we rob them of their tribute due :
Alas ! how can we laugh and pity too ?

While others to extremes as wild will run,
And with four face anatomize a pun ;
When the brisk glass to freedom does entice,
And rigid wisdom is a kind of vice.
But let not such grave fops your laughter spoil ;
Ne'er frown where sense may innocently smile.

Cramp not your language into logic rules,
To Rostums leave the pedantry of schools ;
Nor let your learning always be discern'd,
But choose to seem judicious more than learn'd.

Quote

Quote seldom, and then let it be, at least,
 Some fact that's prov'd, or thought that's well exprest.
 But lest, disguis'd, your eye it should escape,
 Know, pedantry can put on e'ery shape :
 For when we deviate into terms of art,
 Unless constrain'd, we act the pedant's part.
 Or if we're ever in the self-same key,
 No matter of what kind the subject be ;
 From laws of nations down to laws of dress,
 For statesmen have their cant, and belles no less.
 As good, hear B ——— y dictate on epistles,
 Or B—rn—n comment on the Græcian whistles ;
 As old Obefus preach upon his belly,
 Or Phileunucha rant on Farinelli ;
 Flirtilla read a lecture on a fan,
 Or W ——— d set forth the praise of Kouli-Can.

But, above all things, raillery decline,
 Nature but few does for that task design ;
 'Tis in the ablest hand a dang'rous tool,
 But never fails to wound the meddling fool :
 For all must grant, it needs no common art
 To keep men patient, when we make them smart.
 Not wit alone, nor humour's self, will do,
 Without good nature, and much prudence too,
 To judge aright of person's, place, and time ;
 For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime :

And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,
 Perhaps at court, or next day wou'd not pass.
 Then leave to low buffoons, by custom bred,
 And form'd by nature to be kickt and fed,
 The vulgar and unenvied task, to hit,
 All persons right or wrong with random wit.
 Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,
 Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase;
 The motley coat gave warning for the jest,
 Excus'd the wound, and sanctify'd the pest:
 But we from high to low all strive to sneer,
 Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.

Of all the qualities that help to raise
 In men the universal voice of praise,
 Whether in pleasure or in use they end,
 There's none that can with modesty contend.
 'Tis a transparent veil, that helps the sight,
 And lets us look on merit with delight:
 In others, 'tis a kindly light, that seems
 To gild the worst defects with borrow'd beams.
 Yet, 'tis but little that its form be caught,
 Unless its origin be first in thought:
 Else rebel nature will reveal the cheat,
 And the whole work of art at once defeat.

Hold forth upon yourself on no pretence,
 Unless invited, or in self-defence;

The praise you take, altho' it be your due,
 Will be suspected, if it come from you :
 For each man, by experience taught, can tell
 How strong a flatterer does within him dwell :
 And if to self-condemning you incline,
 In sober sadness, and without design,
 (For some will sily arrogate a vice,
 That from excess of vertue takes its rise)
 The world cries out, why does he hither come ?
 Let him do penance for his sins at home.

No part of conduct asks for skill more nice,
 Tho' none more common, than to give advice ;
 Misers themselves in this will not be saving,
 Unless their knowledge makes it worth the having.
 And where's the wonder, when we will obtrude
 An useless gift, it meets ingratitude ?
 Shun then, unask'd, this arduous task to try ;
 But if consulted, use sincerity :
 Too sacred is the welfare of a friend,
 To give it up for any selfish end.
 But use one caution, sift him o'er and o'er,
 To find if all be not resolv'd before.
 If such the case, in spite of all his art,
 Some word will give the soundings of his heart ;
 And why shou'd you a bootless freedom use,
 That serves him not, and may his friendship lose ?

Yet still on truth bestow this mark of love,
 Ne'er to commend the thing you can't approve.
 Sincerity has such resistless charms,
 She oft the fiercest of our foes disarms:
 No art she knows, in native whiteness dress'd,
 Her thoughts all pure, and therefore all express'd:
 She takes from error its deformity;
 And without her, all other virtues die.
 Bright source of goodness! to my aid descend,
 Watch o'er my heart, and all my words attend:
 If still thou deign to set thy foot below,
 Among a race quite polish'd into snow.
 Oh! save me from the jilt's dissembling part,
 Who grants to all all favours, but her heart;
 Perverts the end of charming, for the same;
 To fawn her business, to deceive her aim:
 She smiles on this man, tips the wink on that,
 Gives one a squeeze, another a kind pat;
 Now jogs a foot, now whispers in an ear;
 Here slips a letter, and there casts a leer;
 Till the kind thing, the company throughout,
 Distributes all its pretty self about;
 While all are pleas'd, and wretched soon or late,
 All but the wise, who see and shun the bait.

Yet if, as complaisance requires to do,
 And rigid virtue sometimes will allow,

You

You stretch the truth in favour of a friend,
 Be sure it ever aim at some good end ;
 To cherish growing vertue, vice to shame,
 And turn to noble views the love of fame :
 And not, like fawning parasites, unaw'd
 By sense or truth, be ev'ry passion's bawd.

Be rarely warm in censure, or in praise ;
 Few men deserve our passion either ways :
 For half the world but float 'twixt good and ill,
 As chance disposes objects, these the will ;
 'Tis but a see-saw game, where vertue now
 Mounts above vice, and then sinks down as low.
 Besides the wise still hold it for a rule,
 To trust that judgment most, that seems most cool ;
 For all that rises to hyperbole,
 Proves that we err, at least in the degree.
 But if your temper to extremes should lead,
 Always upon th' indulging side exceed ;
 For tho' to blame most lend a willing ear,
 Yet hatred ever will attend on fear ;
 And when a neighbour's dwelling blazes out,
 The world will think 'tis time to look about.

Let not the curious from your bosom steal
 Secrets, where prudence ought to set her seal ;
 Yet be so frank and plain, that at one view,
 In other things, each man may see you thro' :

For if the mask of policy you wear,
The honest hate you, and the cunning fear.

Wou'd you be well receiv'd where'er you go,
Remember, each man vanquish'd is a foe.
Resist not, therefore, with your utmost might,
But let the weakest think he's sometimes right ;
He, for each triumph you shall thus decline,
Shall give ten opportunities to shine :
He sees, since once you own'd him to excel,
That 'tis his interest you shou'd reason well ;
And tho', when roughly us'd, he's full of choler,
As blustering B — y to a brother scholar,
Yet, by degrees, inure him to submit,
He's tame, and in his mouth receives the bit.
But chiefly against trifling contests guard,
'Tis here submission seems to man most hard :
Nor imitate that resolute old fool *,
Who undertook to kick against his mule.
But those, who will not by instruction learn
How fatal trifles prove, let story warn :
Panthus and Euclio, link'd by friendship's tie,
Liv'd each for each, as each for each wou'd die ;
Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd ;
'Twas but one soul that in two bodies reign'd.
One night, as usual 'twas their nights to pass,
They ply'd the cheerful, but still temp'rate glass,

* Ctesipho .

When

When lo ! a doubt is rais'd about a word ;
 A doubt, that must be ended by the sword :
 One falls a victim, mark, O man ! thy shame,
 Because their glossaries were not the same.
 Cou'd Ba—l—y's self more tendernefs have shown
 For his two tomes of words, tho' half his own.

For what remains of failings without end,
 Morals must some, and some the laws must mend.
 While others in such monstrous forms appear,
 As tongue-ty'd founness, sly suspicion's leer,
 Free-fisted rudeness, dropfical pretence,
 Proteus' caprice, and elbowing insolence ;
 No caution to avoid them they demand,
 Like wretches branded by the hangman's hand.

If faith to some philosophers be given,
 Man, that great lord of earth, that heir of heav'n,
 Savage, at first, inhabited the wood,
 And scrambled with his fellow-brutes for food ;
 No social home he knew, no friendship's tie,
 Selfish in good, in ill without ally ;
 Till some, in length of time, of stronger nerve,
 And greater cunning, forc'd the rest to serve
 One common purpose, and, in nature's spite,
 Brought the whole jarring species to unite.
 But might we not with equal reason say,
 That ev'ry single particle of clay,

Which forms our body, was at first design'd
 To lye for ever from the rest disjoin'd ?
 Can this be said, and can it be allow'd
 'Twas with its powers for no one end endow'd ?
 If so ; we own that man, at first, by art,
 Was sooth'd to act in social life a part.
 'Tis true, in some the seeds of discord seem
 To contradict this all-uniting scheme ;
 But that no more hurts nature's general course,
 Than matter found with a repelling force.

Turn we a while on lonely man our eyes,
 And see what frantic scenes of folly rise :
 In some dark monastery's gloomy cells,
 Where formal self-presuming vertue dwells,
 Bedoz'd with dreams of grace-distilling caves,
 Of holy puddles, unconsuming graves,
 Of animated plaister, wood, and stone,
 And mighty cures by fainted sinners done.
 Permit me, muse, still farther to explore,
 And turn the leaves of superstition o'er ;
 Where wonders upon wonders ever grow,
 Chaos of zeal and blindness, mirth and woe ;
 * Visions of devils into monkeys turn'd,
 That hot from hell roar at a finger burn'd ;

b Battles

* St. Dominick, vide Jansenius (Nic.)

b Bottles of precious tears that saints have wept,
 c And breath a thousand years in phials kept;
 d Sun-beams sent down to prop one friar's staff,
 e And hell broke loose to make another laugh;
 f Obedient fleas, and g superstitious mice;
 h Confessing wolves, and i sanctifying lice;
 k Letters and houses by an angel carried;
 l And, wondrous! virgin nuns to JESUS married.
 One monk, not knowing how to spend his time,
 Sits down to find out some unheard of crime;
 Increases the large catalogue of sins,
 And where the sober finish, there begins.
 Of death eternal his decree is past,
 For the first crime, as fix'd as for the last.
 While that, as idle, and as pious too,
 Compounds with false religion for the true;
 He, courtly usher to the blest abodes,
 Weighs all the niceties of forms and modes;

And

- b Of our Saviour and others, vide Ferrand.
- c Of Joseph, vide Molinæm.
- d St. Cathro's, vide Colganum. e St. Anthony.
- f Vide life of St. Colman by Colganus.
- g The same life by the same author.
- h Vide speculum vitæ sancti Francisci.
- i St. Munnu gathered those that dropt from him, and put them in their places again, vide Act. Sanctorum.
- k From St. Firman to St. Columba, vide Colganum. Chapel of Loretto.
- l Maria de la visitation, vide her life by Lufignam.

And makes the rugged path so smooth and even,
 None but an ill-bred man can miss of heav'n.
 One heav'n-inspir'd invents a frock, or hood;
 The taylor now cuts out, and men grow good.
 Another quits his stockings, breeches, shirt,
 Because he fancies vertue dwells with dirt:
 While all concur to take away the stress
 From weightier points, and lay it on the less.
 Anxious each paltry relique to preserve
 Of him, whose hungry friends they leave to starve.
 Harra's'd by watchings, abstinence, and chains;
 Strangers to joys, familiar grown with pains;
 To all the means of vertue they attend
 With strictest care, and only miss the end.
 Can scripture teach us, or can sense persuade,
 That man for such employments e'er was made?
 Far be that thought! but let us now relate
 A character as opposite, as great,
 In him, who living gave to Athens fame,
 And, by his death, immortaliz'd her shame;
 Great scourge of sophists! he from heav'n brought down.
 And plac'd true wisdom on th' usurper's throne:
 Philosopher in all things, but pretence;
 He taught what they neglected, common sense.
 They o'er the stiff Lyceum form'd to rule;
 He, o'er mankind; all Athens was his school.

The

The sober tradesman, and smart petit-maitre,
 Great lords, and wits, in their own eyes still greater,
 With him grew wise; unknowing they were taught;
 He spoke like them, tho' not like them he thought:
 Nor wept, nor laugh'd, at man's perverted state;
 But left to women this, to ideots that.

View him with sophists fam'd for fierce contest,
 Or crown'd with roses at the jovial feast;
 Insulted by a peevish, noisy wife,
 Or at the bar foredoom'd to lose his life;
 What moving words flow from his artless tongue,
 Sublime with ease, with condescension strong!
 Yet scorn'd to flatter vice, or vertue blame;
 Nor chang'd to please, but pleas'd because the same:
 'The same by friends carefs'd, by foes withstood,
 Still unaffected, cheerful, mild, and good.
 Behold one pagan, drawn in colours faint,
 Outshine ten thousand monks, tho' each a saint!

Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view,
 And learn to try false merit by the true.

We see, when reason stagnates in the brain,
 The dregs of fancy cloud its purest vein;
 But circulation betwixt mind and mind
 Extends its course, and renders it refin'd.

When warm with youth we tread the flow'ry way,
 All nature charms, and ev'ry scene looks gay;

Each object gratifies each sense in turn,
 Whilst now for rattles, now for nymphs we burn;
 Enslav'd by friendship's or by love's soft smile,
 We ne'er suspect, because we mean no guile:
 Till, flush'd with hope from views of past success,
 We lay on some main trifle all our stress;
 When lo! the mistress or the friend betrays,
 And the whole fancied cheat of life displays:
 Stunn'd with an ill that from ourselves arose;
 For instinct rul'd, when reason should have chose;
 We fly for comfort to some lonely scene,
 Victims henceforth of dirt, and drink, and spleen.
 But let no obstacles, that cross our views,
 Pervert our talents from their destin'd use:
 For, as upon life's hill we upwards press,
 Our views will be obstructed less and less.
 Be all false delicacy far away,
 Lest it from nature lead us quite astray;
 And for th' imagin'd vice of human race,
 Destroy our vertue, or our parts debase:
 Since god with reason joins to make us own,
 That 'tis not good for man to be alone.

Of ACTIVE and RETIRED LIFE,
A N
EPISTLE to H. C. Esq;

*Meo quidem judicio neuter culpandus, alter dum expetit
debitos titulos, alter dum mavult videri contempsisse.*

PLIN. Ep.

By WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq;

First printed in the year M.DCC.XXXV.

YES, you condemn those sages too refin'd,
That gravely lecture ere they know mankind,
Who whilst ambition's fiercer fires they blame,
Would damp each useful spark that kindles fame.

'Tis in false estimates the folly lies;
The passion's blameless, when the judgment's wise.

In vain philosophers with warmth contest,
Life's secret shade, or open walk is best;
Each has its seperate joys, and each its use:
This calls the patriot forth, and that the muse.
Hence not alike to all the species, heaven
An equal thirst of public fame has given:
Patrius it forms to shine in action great;
While Decio's talents best adorn retreat.

If where Pierian maids delight to dwell,
 The haunts of silence, and the peaceful cell,
 Had, fair Astræa ! been thy Talbot's choice,
 Could list'ning crowds now hang upon his voice ?
 And thou, blest maid, might'st long have wept in vain,
 The distant glories of a second reign,
 In exile doom'd yet ages to complain. }

Were high ambition still the pow'r confess
 That rul'd with equal sway in ev'ry breast,
 Say where the glories of the sacred nine ?
 Where Homer's verse sublime, or Milton thine ?
 Nor thou, sweet bard ! who " turn'd the tuneful art,
 " From sound to sense, from fancy to the heart,"
 Thy lays instructive to the world hadst giv'n,
 Nor greatly justified the ways of heav'n.

Let satire blast with every mark of hate,
 The vain aspirer or dishonest great,
 Whom love of wealth, or wild ambition's sway
 Push forward, still regardless of the way ;
 High and more high who aim with restless pride,
 Where neither reason, nor fair virtue guide :
 And Him, the wretch, who labors on with pain,
 For the low lucre of an useless gain,
 (Wise but to get, and active but to save)
 May scorn deserv'd still follow to the grave.

But

But he who fond to raise a splendid name,
 On life's ambitious heights wou'd fix his fame,
 In active arts, or vent'rous arms wou'd shine,
 Yet shuns the paths which virtue bids decline ;
 Who dignifies his wealth by gen'rous use,
 To raise th' oppress'd, or merit to produce
 Shall reason's voice impartial ere condemn
 The glorious purpose of so wise an aim ?

Where virtue regulates this just desire,
 'Twere dang'rous folly to suppress its fire.
 Say whence could fame supply, (its force unknown)
 Her roll illustrious of fair renown ?
 What laurels prompt the hero's useful rage ?
 What prize the patriot's weighty toils engage ?
 Each public passion bound in endless frost,
 Each deed of social worth for ever lost.
 O ! may the muse inspire the love of praise,
 Raise the bright passion, but with judgment raise :
 For this she oft has tun'd her sacred voice,
 Call'd forth the patriot, and approv'd his choice ;
 Bid him the steep ascent to honor take,
 Nor, till the summit gain'd, her paths forsake !

Yet not success alone true fame attends ;
 He too shall reach it who but well intends.

See,

See, midst the vanquish'd virtuous, * Falkland lies;
 His gen'rous efforts vain, and vain his sighs;
 Yet true to merit faithful records tell,
 To distant ages how the patriot fell:
 Blest youth! insur'd the sweetest voice of praise,
 Who lives approv'd in Pope's unrival'd lays.

Grave precepts fleeting notions may impart,
 But bright example best instructs the heart:
 Then look on Patrius, let his conduct shew
 From active life what various blessings flow.
 In him a just ambition stands confess'd;
 It warms, but not inflames, his equal breast.
 See him in senates act the patriot's part,
 Truth on his lips, the public at his heart:
 There neither fears can awe, nor hopes controul,
 The honest purpose of his steady soul.
 No mean attachments e'er seduc'd his tongue
 To gild the cause his heart suspected wrong;
 But deaf to envy, faction, spleen, his voice
 Joins here or there, as reason guides his choice.
 To one great point his faithful labors tend,
 And all his toils in Britain's interest end.
 To him each neighbor safe refers his claim,
 The right he settles and abates the flame.

Nor

* He was kill'd in the civil wars; see his character at large in Clarendon's history,

Nor arts nor worth to Patrius sue in vain,
 Nor unreliev'd the injur'd e'er complain.
 For him, the hand unseen, are pray'rs prefer'd,
 And grateful vows in distant temples heard;
 Like nature's blessings to no part confin'd,
 His well-pois'd bounty reaches all mankind.
 That insolence of wealth, the pomp of state
 Which crowds the mansions of the vainly great,
 Flies far the limits of his modest gate.
 Just what is elegantly useful's there;
 Of aught beyond he scorns th' unworthy care;
 Nor wou'd for all the trim that pride can show,
 One single act of social aid forego.

}

For this he labors to improve his store,
 For this he wishes to enlarge his pow'r;
 This is his life's great purpose, end, and aim:
 Such true ambition is and worthy fame.

How different Rapax spent his worthless hour!
 With treasure indigent, a slave with pow'r:
 Large sums o'erlooking, still intent on more,
 He wasted, not enjoy'd, his tasteless store.
 His growing greatness rais'd his hopes the high'r,
 And fan'd his restless pride's increasing fire.
 'Twas thus amidst prosperity he pin'd;
 For what can fill the false-ambitious mind?

With

With all the honors that his prince cou'd give,
 With all the wealth his avarice receive,
 'Midst outward opulence but inward care,
 Reproach and want was all he left his heir.

'Tis true, the patriot well deserves his fame,
 And from his country just applause may claim.
 But what avails it to the world beside,
 That Brutus bravely stab'd, or Curtius dy'd ?
 While Tully's merit, unconfin'd to place,
 Diffuses blessings down thro' all our race;
 Remotest times his learned labors reach,
 And Rome's great moralist e'en now shall teach.

Averse to public noise, ambition's strife,
 And all the splendid ills of busy life,
 Thro' latent paths, unmark'd by vulgar eye,
 Are there who wish to pass unheeded by ?
 Whom calm retirement's sacred pleasures move,
 The hour contemplative, or friend they love;
 Yet not by spleen, or superstition led,
 Forbear ambition's giddy heights to tread;
 Who not inglorious spend their peaceful day,
 Whilst science, lovely star ! directs their way. —
 Flows there not something good from such as these ?
 No useful product from the men of ease ?
 And shall the muse no social merit boast ?
 Are all her vigils to the public lost ?

Tho'

Tho' noisy pride may scorn her silent toil,
 Fair are the fruits which bless her happy soil:
 There every plant of useful produce grows,
 There science sprang, and thence instruction flows;
 There true philosophy erects her school,
 There plans her problem, and there forms her rule;
 There every seed of ev'ry art began,
 And all that eases life and brightens man.

'Twas hence great Newton, mighty genius! soar'd,
 And all creation's wond'rous range explor'd.
 Far as th' almighty stretch'd his utmost line,
 He pierc'd in thought and view'd the vast design.
 Too long had darker ages sought in vain,
 The secret scheme of nature to explain;
 Too long had truth escap'd each sage's eye,
 Or feintly shone thro' vain philosophy.
 Each shapeless offspring of their feeble thought,
 A darker veil o'er genuine science brought;
 Still stubborn facts o'erthrew their fruitless toil;
 For truth and fiction who shall reconcile?
 But Britain's sons a surer guide pursue,
 Tread safe the maze since Newton gave the clue.
 Where'er he turn'd true science rear'd her head,
 While far before her puzzled ign'rance fled:
 From each blest truth these noble ends he draws,
 Use to mankind, and to their god applause.

Taught

Taught by his rules secure the merchant rides,
 When threat'ning seas roll high their dreadful tides;
 And either India speeds her precious stores,
 'Midst various dangers safe to Britain's shores.
 Long as those orbs he weigh'd shall shed their rays,
 His truth shall guide us, and shall last his praise.

Yet if so just the fame, the use so great,
 Systems to poise, and spheres to regulate,
 To teach the secret well-adapted force,
 That steers of countless orbs th' unvaried course;
 Far brighter honors wait the nobler part,
 To ballance manners, and conduct the heart.
 Order *without* us, what imports it seen,
 If all is restless anarchy within?
 Fir'd with this thought great Ashely, gen'rous sage,
 Plan'd in sweet leisure his * instructive page.
 Not orbs he weighs, but marks with happier skill,
 The scope of action and the poise of will:
 In fair proportion here describ'd we trace,
 Each mental beauty, and each moral grace,
 Each useful passion taught its tone design'd,
 In the nice concord of a well tun'd mind.
 Does mean self-love contract each social aim?
 Here public transports shall thy soul inflame.

Virtue

* See the Characteristics, particularly the Enquiry concerning Virtue, and the Moralists.

Virtue and Deity supremely fair,
Too oft delineated with looks severe,
Resume their native smiles and graces here :
Sooth'd into love relenting foes admire,
And warmer raptures every friend inspire.

}

Such are the fruits which from retirement spring :
These blessings ease and learned leisure bring.

Yet of the various tasks mankind employ,
'Tis sure the hardest, leisure to enjoy.
For one who knows to taste this godlike bliss,
What countless swarms of vain pretenders miss ?
Tho' each dull plodding thing, to ape the wise,
Ridiculously grave, for leisure sighs,
(His boasted wish from busy scenes to run)
Grant him that leisure and the fool's undone.
The gods to curse poor Demea heard his vow,
And business now no more contracts his brow :
No real cares, 'tis true, perplex his breast,
But thousand fancied ills his peace molest :
The slightest trifles solid sorrows prove,
And the long ling'ring wheel of life scarce seems to move.

Useless in business yet unfit for ease,
Nor skill'd to serve mankind, nor form'd to please,
Such spurious animals of worthless race
Live but the public burthen and disgrace :

Like mean attendants on life's stage are seen,
 Drawn forth to fill, but not conduct the scene.

The mind not taught to think, no useful store
 To fix reflexion, dreads the vacant hour.
 Turn'd on itself its num'rous wants are seen,
 And all the mighty void that lies within.
 Yet cannot wisdom stamp our joys complete;
 'Tis conscious virtue crowns the blest retreat.
 Who feels not that, the private path must shun,
 And fly to public view t' escape his own;
 In life's gay scenes uneasy thoughts suppress,
 And lull each anxious care in dreams of peace.
 'Midst foreign objects not employ'd to roam,
 Thought, sadly active, still corrodes at home:
 A serious moment breaks the false repose,
 And guilt in all its naked horror shows.

He who wou'd know retirement's joy refin'd,
 The fair recess must seek with cheerful mind.
 No Cynic's pride, no bigot's heated brain,
 No frustrate hope, nor love's fantastic pain,
 With him must enter the sequester'd cell,
 Who means with pleasing solitude to dwell;
 But equal passions let his bosom rule,
 A judgment candid, and a temper cool,
 Enlarg'd with knowledge, and in conscience clear,
 Above life's empty hopes, and death's vain fear.

Such

Such he must be who greatly lives alone :
 Such Portio is, in crowded scenes unknown.
 For public life with every talent born,
 Portio far off retires with decent scorn ;
 Tho' without business, never unemploy'd,
 And life, as more at leisure, more enjoy'd :
 For who like him can various science taste,
 His mind shall never want an endless feast.
 In his blest ev'ning walk mayst thou, may I,
 Oft friendly join in sweet society ;
 Our lives like his in one smooth current flow,
 Nor swell'd with tempests, nor too calmly flow !
 Whilst he like some great sage of Rome or Greece,
 Shall calm each rising doubt and speak us peace,
 Correct each thought, each wayward wish controul,
 And stamp with every virtue all the soul.

Ah ! how unlike is Umbra's gloomy scene,
 Estrang'd from all the cheerful ways of men !
 There superstition works her baneful pow'r,
 And darkens all the melancholy hour.
 Unnumber'd fears corrode and haunt his breast,
 With all that whim or ign'rance can suggest.
 In vain for him kind nature pours her sweets ;
 The visionary saint no joy admits,
 But seeks with pious spleen fantastic woes,
 And for heav'n's sake heav'n's offer'd good foregoes.

Whate'er's our choice we still with pride prefer,
 And all who deviate, vainly think must err :
 Clodio in books and abstract notions lost,
 Sees none but knaves and fools in honor's post ;
 Whilst Syphax, fond on fortune's sea to sail,
 And boldly drive before the flatt'ring gale,
 (Forward her dang'rous ocean to explore,)
 Condemns as cowards those who make the shore.
 Not so my friend impartial,—man he views
 Useful in what he shuns as what pursues ;
 Sees different turns to gen'ral good conspire,
 The hero's passion and the poet's fire,
 Each figure plac'd in nature's wise design,
 With true proportion and exactest line :
 Sees lights and shades unite in due degree,
 And form the whole with fairest symmetry.

Γ Ν Ω Θ Ι Σ Ε Α Υ Τ Ο Ν .
 Know your S E L F .

By the late Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

WHAT am I ? how produc'd ? and for what end ?
 Whence drew I being ? to what period tend ?
 Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance ;
 Dropt by wild atoms in disorder'd dance ?

Or from an endless chain of causes wrought?
 And of unthinking substance, born with thought?
 By motion which began without a cause,
 Supremely wise, without design or laws.
 Am I but what I seem, meer flesh and blood;
 A branching channel, with a mazy flood?
 The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
 Dull and unconscious flows like common tides:
 The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
 Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
 This frame, compacted with transcendent skill,
 Of moving joints obedient to my will;
 Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
 Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me:
 New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains,
 The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains:
 And from the fleeting stream repair'd by food,
 Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.
 What am I then? sure, of a nobler birth,
 Thy parents right, I own a mother, earth;
 But claim superior lineage by my SIRE,
 Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire:
 Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,
 By double nature, double instinct sway'd;
 With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
 Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;

I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
 Ty'd to this massy globe with magick chain.
 Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole.
 View worlds around their flaming centers roll :
 What steady powers their endless motions guide,
 Thro' the same trackless paths of boundless void !
 I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,
 And weigh the whirling planets in a scale :
 Those godlike thoughts, while eager I pursue,
 Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
 A gnat, an insect, of the meanest kind,
 Erase the new-born image from my mind ;
 Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
 Vile as the grinning mastiffs at my gate,
 Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,
 And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
 If on sublimer wings of love and praise,
 My soul above the starry vault I raise,
 Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
 I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
 The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,
 Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
 By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
 I rove to one, now to the other coast ;
 To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
 My lot unequal to my vast desires.

As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
 Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth ;
 So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
 Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd :
 Pity him, beasts ! you by no law confin'd,
 Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind ;
 Whilst man, through op'ning views of various ways
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays ;
 Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste ;
 Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
 The flatt'ring future still must give the joy.
 Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
 And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
 Whether next fun his being shall restrain,
 To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.

Around me, lo, the thinking thoughtless crew,
 (Bewilder'd each) their different paths pursue ;
 Of them I ask the way ; the first replies,
 Thou art a god ; and sends me to the skies.
 Down on this turf (the next) thou two-legg'd beast,
 There fix thy lot, thy bliss, and endless rest :
 Between those wide extreams the length is such,
 I find I know too little or too much.

“ Almighty pow'r, by whose most wise command,
 “ Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand ;

“ Take this faint glimmering of thy self away,
 “ Or break into my soul with perfect day !
 This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
 The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex :
 Thus the benighted traveller that strays
 Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays ;
 The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
 Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.
 “ O truth divine ! enlightened by thy ray,
 “ I grope and guess no more, but see my way ;
 “ Thou clearest the secret of my high descent,
 “ And told me what those mystic tokens meant ;
 “ Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
 “ Too hard for worldly sages to explain ;
 “ Zeno’s were vain, vain Epicurus’ schemes,
 “ Their systems false, delusive were their dreams ;
 “ Unskill’d my two-fold nature to divide,
 “ One nurs’d by pleasure, and one nurs’d by pride :
 “ Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
 “ Thy sacred page thus bid me reconcile.
 Offspring of god, no less thy pedigree,
 What thou once wer’t, art now, and still may be,
 Thy God alone can tell, alone decree ;
 Faultless thou dropt from his unerring skill,
 With the bare pow’r to sin, since free of will :

Yet

Yet charge not with thy guilt, his bounteous love,
 For who has power to walk, has power to rove ;
 Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve ;
 And wisdom short of infinite, may swerve.
 Born on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,
 Left thy creator, and the realms of light ;
 Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil ;
 And thought to grow a god by doing ill :
 Though by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
 In nature chang'd from happy mansions chac'd,
 Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
 Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire ;
 Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
 And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
 The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
 Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce ;
 Repast ill suited to such diff'rent guests,
 For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes ;
 Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
 Curb'd, or deferr'd, or balk'd, or gratify'd,
 Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd,
 In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possessest ;
 In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,
 Return, and seek thy father, and thy god :
 Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
 Born on the wings of vain philosophy ;

Myſterious paſſage ! hid from human eyes ;
Soaring you'll ſink, and ſinking you will riſe :
Let humble thoughts thy wary footſteps guide,
Regain by meekneſs what you loſt by pride.

CHIRON to ACHILLES.

A P O E M.

By HILBERNARD JACOB, *Eſq*;

Res eſt ſevera voluptas.

OLD CHIRON to his pupil thus began,
When he beheld him rip'ning into man.

- “ Accompliſh'd youth ! well worthy of my pains,
- “ You now are free, and guide your ſelf the reins :
- “ Yet hear, Achilles, hear, before we part,
- “ A few, ſhort precepts from a faithful heart.
- “ What tho' the gods a Neſtor's age deny ?
- “ Let management a longer life ſupply,
- “ And learn, at leaſt, to live, before you die.
- “ A little tract well till'd, more profit yields
- “ Than realms of wild, uncultivated fields.

“ 'Tis

“ 'Tis not from length of years our pleasures flow,

“ Nor to the gods alone our bliss we owe ;

“ Our happiness, and pain depend on us :

“ Man's his own good, or evil genius.

“ Great ills by art we lighten, or remove,

“ And art our meanest pleasures may improve :

“ Much to our selves is due, tho' much to Jove. }

“ Think not, young prince, your elevated state,

“ Birth, honours, or the empty name of great,

“ Can fix your joys ; they're ill secur'd, unless

“ You know your self, to form you happiness,

“ Which in the shepherd's humble hut is found,

“ While palaces with discord still resound.

“ Fortune to industry is ever kind,

“ And, tho' by the blind vulgar painted blind,

“ Is still more equal than the croud suppose,

“ Who judge of happiness by outward shows ;

“ She smiles on all conditions, each may be

“ A man of pleasure in his own degree.

“ Yet few with art their happiness pursue,

“ Tho' all mankind have happiness in view,

“ And ev'ry sense seems made by nature's skill

“ For giving pleasure, and avoiding ill.

“ Nature our common mother, has been kind,

“ And for a race of joy her sons design'd,

“ Who long to reach the goal, yet, lazy, lag behind, }

“ Or wholly blind, or doubtful how t’advance,
 “ They leave the work of industry to chance.
 “ And of those few who with more active strife
 “ Pursue this great, important end of life,
 “ Some, too impatient, know not how to wait;
 “ Or aim at things beyond their humane state :
 “ These last thro’ too much delicacy fall,
 “ And by refining rob themselves of all.
 “ Shun then, Achilles, shun the faults of such,
 “ Who still propose too little, or too much.
 “ Stretch not your hopes too far, nor yet despair,
 “ But above all, of indolence beware.
 “ Attend to what you do, or life will seem
 “ But a meer vision, or fantastick dream,
 “ Pass’d in ideas of delight, at best,
 “ While real pleasure’s lost in doubtful rest.
 “ In short, learn when, and how to bear; in vain
 “ He pleasure seeks, who is afraid of pain ;
 “ Pleasure’s a serious thing, and cheaply bought
 “ By labour, patience, management, and thought.
 “ But you, aspiring youth, by nature seem
 “ Addicted to an opposite extreme ;
 “ Impetuous, and restless, soon inflam’d,
 “ And, like a gen’rous courser, hardly tam’d ;
 “ In all things violent : but, O ! disdain,
 “ Brave prince, to let usurping passion reign,

“ In

" In one rash moment sacrificing more

" Than years of sad repentance may restore.

" As Thracian winds the Euxine sea molest,

" So wrath, and envy, from a humane breast

" Drive Halcyon peace, and banish kindly rest.

" And no security for joy is found,

" But in a mind that's tractable, and sound.

" Suppress the first emotions of your ire,

" And smother in its birth the kindling fire.

" Ere anger yet possesses all your soul,

" Ere yet your bosom heaves, and eyeballs roll,

" Think on the useful precepts, I have taught,

" And meet the rising heat with wholsom thought.

" Or seek the sacred muses with your lyre,

" Who with sweet peace to lonely shades retire,

" Gods, and the sons of gods, the heroes, sing,

" While hills and valleys with their praises ring;

" These learn to imitate, and those adore,

" And sweetly to yourself, yourself restore;

" Music, and verse, and solitude controul

" Impetuous fury, and compose the soul.

" For this, I early taught you how to sing,

" And form'd your fingers to the trembling string;

" For 'tis not all sweet pleasure's paths to show,

" The arts of consolation man should know:

" Our

" Our joys are short, and broken ; and in vain

" To constant bliss would human race attain :

" Be oft contented to be free from pain.

" Their is a deity, ordain'd by fate

" To damp our joys immoderately great,

" That none on earth from sorrow shou'd be free,

" But ev'n our blessings taste of misery.

" If fortune gives, what rarely we obtain,

" An equal share of pleasure, and of pain,

" Our portion is o'erpaid, the rest you'll find

" But fond ideas of the wanton mind,

" Which now vain scenes of godlike pleasure shows,

" And now creates imaginary woes.

" When sad, your ills examine and compare,

" Judge of your own by what another's are.

" Consider greater wretches, and the fates

" Of mighty heroes, and of mighty states ;

" Thus real evils in their proper light

" Appear, the false thus vanish out of sight.

" Nor aim at pleasures difficult to gain,

" Choose rather such you may with ease obtain.

" Who scorns to trifle, is by pride abus'd :

" I pity him, who ne'er can be amus'd,

" But fighting pleasures moderate, and small,

" Must live in rapture, or not live at all.

" Great

“ Great pleasures still are near ally’d to pain :
 “ Who quits the peaceful shore, & ploughs the main,
 “ Big waves and mighty tempests must sustain. }
 “ Let not such fond ambition to be blest,

“ The humbler pleasures in your power molest ;
 “ Yet cherish hope ; for without hope there ’s none :
 “ Taste hope ; but be not fed with that alone.

“ Some their whole lives in expectation spend,
 “ As life were not begun, or ne’er wou’d end,
 “ Fondly from day to day themselves deceive,
 “ Not living, but intending still to live,
 “ While they neglect the joys they might possess,
 “ For empty dreams of future happiness.

“ Let nature in your pleasures be your guide,
 “ Nor suffer art her genuine charms to hide :
 “ Her beauties with unwearied eyes we see ;
 “ The truth of beauty is simplicity.

“ Live not by imitation, servile state !
 “ Nor on the fashion for your pleasures wait.
 “ Man, otherwise so selfish, and so proud,
 “ Submits his taste to the fantastic croud,
 “ And lives not for himself: do you pursue
 “ Your own desires, and to your self be true.

“ As bees extract their sweets from ev’ry flow’r,
 “ So you your joys from all things in your pow’r,

“ With

“ With industry and management produce :

“ The meanest trifles are sometimes of use.

“ Yet know well what you do, and when 'tis done,

“ Nor at all hours to ev'ry pleasure run ;

“ But mix with art your pleasures, and your toils ;

“ For pleasures have their seasons, and their foils.

“ Thus when the earliest dawn of eastern light

“ Proclaims the finish'd empire of the night,

“ Haste to the field, Achilles, nor disdain,

“ To chace the foaming monster o'er the plain,

“ Or teach the untam'd steed to feel the rein ;

“ Or let your car, and arms your nerves prepare,

“ Or for Olympic games, or future war :

“ Then whether arts or glory fire your mind

“ With thoughts more generous, or more refin'd,

“ Aurora to the Muses still is kind.

“ At noon, a simple short repast be made ;

“ A shorter slumber in the cooling shade :

“ What's gay and light th' unbended mind employ,

“ Or sports, or past delights, or future joy.

“ But when the evening-star begins to rise,

“ When Phoebus' fainting steeds forsake the skies,

“ Still chearful at the well-spread board be found,

“ Amidst bright friends, and with fresh garlands crown'd,

“ While wine, and Thais with her voice and lyre,

“ Banish old sorrows, and new joys inspire.

Thus

" Thus when from toils of empire you are free,
 " Nor camp, nor council claim your liberty,
 " The morn to labour and the Muses give;
 " At noon with temperance and quiet live;
 " Ceres' and Bacchus' gifts at ev'ning prove;
 " Divide the night with somnus, and with love.

" Thus, thus, Pelides, drive your cares away,
 " Nor feel the evil, till the evil day.
 " What tho' on Simois, or Scamander's shore,
 " Far off from home, the Greeks your death deplore?
 " No matter where, or when; it once must be,
 " And nothing can revoke the firm decree.
 " Tho' Thetis' son, tho' third from mighty Jove,
 " Eternal monarch of the realms above,
 " Nor Jove, nor Thetis, can your days recall,
 " Or for an hour defer your destin'd fall.

" Mean while, a looser reign to pleasure give;
 " Time flies in haste, be you in haste to live:
 " Seize on the precious minutes, as they fleet;
 " Your life, however short, will be compleat,
 " If at the fatal moment you can say,
 " I've liv'd, and made the most of ev'ry day!

" One precept more I fain wou'd recommend,
 " And then old Chiron's tedious lessons end.

" Learn, gen'rous prince, what's little understood,
 " The godlike happiness of doing good.

" How

- " How glorious to defend, and to bestow!
 " From nobler springs can human pleasure flow?
 " A solid good, which nothing can destroy,
 " The best prerogative the great enjoy.
 " For this, remember, monarchs first were made,
 " For this, young prince, be lov'd, and be obey'd,
 " At once your self, and mighty nations bless,
 " And make humanity your happiness.
 " But now Aurora ushers in the day,
 " And fond, expecting Peleus chides your stay.
 " Go then, brave youth, where'er the fates may call;
 " Live with design, and fearless wait thy fall.
 " Whatever space of life the gods decree,
 " Thy name is still immortal; for I see
 " More than another Peleus rise in thee.
 " Thy fame the * prince of sacred bards shall fire,
 " Thy deeds the † conquest of the world inspire.

* Homer.

† By Alexander, who had Homer's Iliad always with him, proposing Achilles for his example.

The

The SCHOOL-MISTRESS,

A POEM, in Imitation of SPENCER.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

*O, quàm sol habitabiles
Illustrat oras, maxima principum !* HOR.

I.

AH me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think that merit thus neglected lies !
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise ;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise !
Lend me thy trumpet, goddess ! let me try
To sound the praise of merit e'er it dies :
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

II.

In ev'ry mart that stands on Britain's isle,
In ev'ry village less reveal'd to fame,
Dwells there, in cottage known about a mile,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name ;

Wh^o

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame :
 They griev'd sore in durance vile y-pent,
 Aw'd by the pow'r of uncontrouled dame :
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
 For hair unkempt, or task unconn'd are sorely shent.

III.

And all in sight does rise a birchen tree,
 Which learning near her little dome did flow,
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow ;
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe :
 For not a wind might curl the leaves, that blew *,
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low ;
 And as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

IV.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd :
 So does it little birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, and repast :
 They start, they stare, they wheel they look aghast :
 Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy
 Ah ! ne'er may Britain's sons, maturer, taste !

Ne

* Nam seu mobilibus vepris inhorruit
 Ad ventum foliis ———
 Et corde & genibus tremit.

HOR.

Ne superstition clog their dance of joy,
Ne phantom empty, vain, their native bliss destroy.

V.

Nar to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display :
Als at the door impris'ning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray ;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sun-shine day !
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray : *
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy-throng, and turns her wheel around.

VI.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield :
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the hair-bell that adorns the field :
And in her hand, for scepter, she wou'd wield
Tway birchen sprays ; with pallid fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd ;
And keen regret, and sharp affliction join'd,
And vengeance uncoutroul'd, and discipline unkind †.

VII.

* — auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. VIRG.
† Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequi acibus iras. VIRG.

VII.

Few but have ken'd, in semblaunce meet pourtray'd,
 The childish faces of old Eol's train,
 Libs, Notus, Auster; these in frowns array'd,
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern pow'r to give his slaves the rein?
 And were not she rebellious minds to quell,
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cot no more, I ween, were judg'd the cell
 Where lovely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

VIII.

The gown, which o'er her shoulders thrown she had,
 Was russet-stuff, (who knows not russet-stuff?)
 Great comfort to her mind that she was clad
 In texture of her own, all strong and tough,
 Ne did she e'er complain, ne deem it rough;
 And, well I trow, her pupils all around,
 Thro' pious awe, did term it fine enough:
 For they with gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on

IX.

[ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear:
 Goody, good-woman, gossip, dame, forsooth,
 Or n'aunt, the sole additions she did hear:

Yet

Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear :
 Ne wou'd esteem him act as did behove,
 Who did not honour'd eld with these revere ;
 For title is there none so mean doth prove,
 But there is eke a mind which doth that title love.

X.

One antient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of this busy dame !
 Which, ever and anon, as she had need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ;
 Such favour did her past deportment claim :
 And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she still did hoard the same :
 For well she knew, and quaintly cou'd expound
 The chicken-feeding pow'r of ev'ry crumb she found.

XI.

In elbow-chair, like that of scotish stem,
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sovereign lord and liefeft liege is plac'd,
 The matron sate ; and some with rank she grac'd,
 The source of children's, and of courtier's pride :
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
 And warn'd 'em not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

XII.

XII.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
 To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise :
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise :
 And other sorts with baleful spriggs affrays.
 Ev'n absent she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways,
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their tricks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

XIII.

Lo! now with state she utters the command !
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair :
 Their books of stature small take they in hand,
 Which with pellucid horn secured are ;
 To save from finger wet the letters fair :
 The work so quaint that on their backs is seen,
 St. George's high atchievements does declare :
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween.

XIV.

* O ruthful scene ! when from a nook obscure
 His little sister does his perils see :
 All playful as she fate, she grows demure,
 She finds, with his, her wonted spirits flee ;

She

* — tum vero exterritus, amens,
 Conclamat Nifus : nec se celare tenebris

Am-

She meditates a prayer to set him free :
Nor gentle pardon could the dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief, which swells in either eye,
And wrings her so, that all for pity she could die.

XV.

Nor longer could she now her shrieks command,
Which soon disclos'd the place of her retire :
And forth she rush'd, and with presumptuous hand
Arrests the rod ; so friendship does inspire !
On me, she cries, on me convert your ire :
Him spare, for he no greater crime did know,
Than fond compliance with my vain desire—
Whimp'ring she sighs, the tears begin to flow,
And give a loose at last to unavailing woe.

XVI.

But ah ! what pen his woeful plight can trace,
Or what device his loud laments explain !
The form uncouth of his disguised face !
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain !
The plenteous show'r that does his cheeks distain !

VOL. I.

K

When

*Amplius, aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem.
Me, me, adsum, qui feci, in me convertite ferrum ;
O ! Rutuli, mea fraus omnis : nihil iste, nec ausus,
Nec potuit, cœlum hoc & conscia sidera testor,
Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.*

VIRG.

When he in abject wise implores the dame,
 Ne hopeth ought of sweet reprieve to gain ;
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,
 And thro' the thatch his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

XVII.

The other tribe, aghast, with fore dismay
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care :
 By turns, astoni'd, ev'rich twig survey,
 And from their fellow's uncouth wounds beware ;
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share :
 'Till fear has taught 'em a performance meet,
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
 Whence oft' with sugar'd cates she doth them greet,
 And gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet.

XVIII.

See ! to their seats all hie with merry glee,
 And in befeemly order sitten there !
 All, but the wight of bum y-galled, he
 Abhors both bench, and stool, and fourm and chair.
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair :)
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
 Convulsions intermitting ! does declare
 His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
 And scorns her profer'd love, and shuns to be carest'd.

XIX.

XIX.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
 His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r*,
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
 There smear'd, and sully'd by a summer's show'r;
 The piteous slave of Eolus's power!
 All, all but he, the author of its shame,
 All, all but he, regret its ruthful flour:†
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r shall claim,
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

XX.

Behind some door in melancholy thought,
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff, pines;
 Ne for his fellows joyance careth ought,
 But to the winds all merriment resigns;
 And deems it shame if he to peace inclines:
 And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs:
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
 The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

XXI.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
 Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires! Ah

* *Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
 Languescit moriens, lassove papavera collo
 Demisere caput, pluvia cum sorte gravantur.*

† Stour, Assault.

K 2

VIRGIL

Ah! better far than all the muse's lyres,
 Than coward art, is valour's gen'rous heat;
 The firm, fix'd breast, which fit and right requires,
 Like Vernon's patriot soul, more nobly great
 Than craft, that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

XXII.

Soft sleep the dust of Her deserving shade,
 Whose early care, A—le, attemper'd thee!
 And knew what mind must give his Britons aid,
 And knew what breast preserve a nation free,
 Thankless, to her no statues to decree!
 So long as parties in thy praise unite,
 So long as muses in thy fame agree,
 Soft sleep her dust; her soul has took its flight,
 Whither the souls do fly of those that act aright.

XXIII.

Yet sprung from birch, what dazling fruits appear!
 *Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to shew
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 And there a chancellor in embryo;
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
 As Milton, Shakespear; names that ne'er shall die!
 Tho' now he crawl all on the ground so low,
 Nor weeting how the muse shou'd soar on high,
 Wishes, poor starving elf! his paper-kite may fly.

* ——— convalle virenti.

Inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras
 Lastrabat.

Vireo.

XXIV.

And some there be, (ah, pity some there be !
 Brimful of jest, and merriment and play,
 Each one as brisk, as promising, to see,
 As he shall note that seeks a summer's day,
 Yet must in Wisdom's mazes lose their way !
 Despising books, (ah, who wou'd books despise !)
 'Till folly lead them countless leagues astray :
 And many a one, mature, all heedless tries
 To leap a six-barr'd gate, and tumbles down, and dies.

XXV.

But see, the hour of pleasure draweth near,
 And forth they usher debonnaire and gay,
 And, standing on the green, with jocund leers,
 Salute the stranger passing on his way :
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay :
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;
 Think to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,
 In pastry kings and queens th'allotted mite to spend.

XXVI.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
 Each season's stores in order ranged been ;
 Apples, with cabbage-net y. cover'd o'er,
 Gallings full fore th'unmoney'd wight, are seen ;

And goosb'rie clad in liv'ry red and green ;
 And here, of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween ;
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

XXVII.

See cherries here, e'er cherries yet abound,
 With thread so white in luscious bundles ty'd,
 Scatt'ring, like blooming maid, their glances round,
 *With pamper'd looks draw little eyes aside !
 These must be bought, tho' penury betide :
 The plumb all azure, and the nut a'l brown,
 The purple grape, and here those cakes are spy'd,
 Whose honour'd name, th'inventive city own,
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known†.

XXVIII.

Admir'd Salopia ! that with venial pride
 Views her fair form in Severn's lucid wave ;
 Fam'd for a race of sons in battle try'd,
 Their minds as loyal as their breasts were brave ;
 Ah, midst the rest, may flowrets grace his grave,
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display ;
 A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
 Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

*——ingentes oculo retorto.

Spectat acervos.

† Shrewsbury-cakes.

THE
ART of COOKERY,

In Imitation of HORACE's Art of Poetry.

By DR KING.

TO DR. LISTER.

I Ngenious L.—, were a picture drawn
 With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like brawn;
 With wings of turkey, and with feet of calf,
 Tho' drawn by Kneller, it would make you laugh;
 Such is (good Sir) the figure of a feast,
 By some rich farmer's wife and sister drest.
 Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
 Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
 Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
 That syllabubs come first, and soups the last.
 Not but that cooks and poets still were free,
 To use their pow'r in nice variety;
 Hence mac'rel seem delightful to the eyes,
 Tho' dress'd with incoherent gooseberries,
 Crabs, salmon, lobsters are with fennel spread,
 Who' never touch'd that herb 'till they were dead;

Yet no man lards salt pork with orange peel,
Or garnishes his lamb with spitchcockt eel.

A cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
Then sent up but two dishes nicely drest,
What signify scotch collops to a feast?
Or can you make whip'd cream? pray what relief
Will that be to a sailor who wants beef?

Who, lately shipwreckt, never can have ease,
'Till re-establish'd in his pork and pease.
When once begun, let industry ne'er cease,
'Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your desert bright pewter comes too late,
When your first course was all serv'd up in plate.

Most knowing Sir! the greatest part of cooks
Searching for truth, are couzen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little, hence has try'd
Turkey poult fresh, from th'egg, in butter fry'd;
Others, to shew the largeness of their soul,
prepare your muttons swol'd, and oxen whole.
To vary the same things some think is art,
By larding of hogs-feet, and bacon-tart,
The taste is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault.

In Covent-garden did a taylor dwell,
Who might deserve a place in his own hell:

Give

Give him a single coat to make, he'd do't;
 A vest, or breeches singly, but the brute
 Coul'd ne'er contrive all three to make a suit:
 Rather than frame a supper like such clothes,
 I'd have fine eyes and teeth without my nose.

You that from pliant paste wou'd fabricks raise,
 Expecting thence to gain immortal praise;
 Your knuckles try, and let your sinews know,
 Their pow'r to knead, and give the form to dough;
 Chuse your materials right, your seas'ning fix,
 And with your fruit resplendent sugar mix:
 From thence of course the figure will arise,
 And elegance adorn the surface of your pies.

Beauty from order springs, the judging eye
 Will tell you if one single plate's awry:
 The cook must still regard the present time,
 T'omit what's just in season is a crime.
 Your infant pease to sparrow-grass prefer,
 Which to the supper you may best defer.

Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
 Such alterations shou'd at least be rare;
 Yet credit to the artist will accrue,
 Who in known things still makes [th'appearance new,
 Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
 And now by constant use familiar grown;

What lord of old wou'd bid his cook prepare
 Mangoes, potargo, champignons, cavare?
 Or wou'd our thrum-capp'd ancestors find fault
 For want of sugar-tongs, or spoons for salt?
 New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
 Has by one vessel sav'd his name from death.
 The seasons change us all, by autumn's frost
 The shady leaves of trees and fruit are lost.
 But then the spring breaks forth with fresh supplies,
 And from the teeming earth new buds arise.
 So stubble geese at Michaelmas are seen
 Upon the spit, next May produces green.
 The fate of things lies always in the dark,
 What Cavalier would know St James's park?
 For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,
 And wild ducks quake where grass-hoppers did sing.
 A princely palace on that space does rise,
 Where Sidney's noble muse found mulberries.
 Since places alter thus, what constant thought
 Of filling various dishes can be taught?
 For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
 Who'd fix those things where fashion is the rule.
 King Hardicnute midst Danes and Saxons stout,
 Carous'd in nut-brown ale, and din'd on grout:
 Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
 And when each prince is crown'd, in splendor reigns.

By

By northern custom, duty was exprest
 To friends departed by their fun'ral feast.
 Tho' I've consulted Holingshead and Stow,
 I find it very difficult to know
 Who to refresh th'attendants to a grave,
 Burnt-claret first, or Naples bisket gave.
 Trotter from quince and apples first did frame
 A pye, which still retains his proper name,
 Tho' common grown, yet with white sugar strow'd,
 And butter'd right, its goodness is allow'd.

As wealth flow'd in, and plenty sprang from peace,
 Good humour reign'd, and pleasures found increase.
 'Twas usual then, the banquet to prolong
 By musick's charm, and some delightful song:
 Where ev'ry youth in pleasing accents strove,
 To tell the stratagems and cares of love.
 How some successful were, how others cross:
 Then to the sparkling glass wou'd give his toast:
 Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,
 To relish both the musick and the wine.

Why am I styl'd a cook, if I'm so loath
 To marinate my fish, or season broth,
 Or send up what I roast with pleasing froth?
 If I my master's gusto won't discern,
 But thro' my bashful folly scorn to learn?

When amongst friends good humour takes its birth,
 'Tis not a tedious feast prolongs the mirth;
 But 'tis not reason therefore you shou'd spare,
 When as their future burgeses you appear,
 For a fat corporation and their mayor.
 All things should find their room in proper place,
 And what adorns this treat would that disgrace.
 Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
 And have excessive doings at their wake:
 E'en taylors at their yearly feast look great,
 And all their cucumbers are turn'd to meat.
 A prince who in a forest rides astray,
 And weary to some cottage finds the way,
 Talks of no pyramids of fowl or bisks of fish,
 But hungry sups his cream serv'd up in earthen dish:
 Quenches his thirst with ale in nut-brown bowls,
 And takes the hasty rasher from the coals:
 Pleas'd as King Henry with the miller free,
 Who thought himself as good a man as he.
 Unless some sweetness at the bottom lie,
 Who cares for all the crinkling of the pye?
 If you would have me merry with your cheer,
 Be so your self, or so at least appear.
 'The things we eat, by various juice controul
 The narrowness or largeness of our soul.

Onions

Onions will make e'en heirs or widows weep,

The tender lettuce brings no softer sleep,

Eat beef or pye-crust if you'd serious be :

Your shell-fish raises Venus from the sea :

For nature that inclines to ill or good,

Still nourishes our passions by our food.

Happy the man that has each fortune try'd,

To whom she much has giv'n, and much deny'd :

With abstinence all delicates he sees,

And can regale himself with toast and cheese.

Your betters will despise you, if they see

Things that are far surpassing your degree ;

Therefore beyond your substance never treat,

'Tis plenty in small fortune to be neat.

'Tis certain that a steward can't afford

An entertainment equal with his lord.

Old age is frugal, gay youth will abound

With heat, and see the flowing cup go round.

A widow has cold pye, nurse gives you cake,

From gen'rous merchants ham or sturgeon take,

The farmer has brown bread as fresh as day,

And butter fragrant as the dew of May.

Cornwall squab-pye, and Devon white-pot brings,

And Lie'ster beans and bacon, food of Kings !

At Christmäss time be careful of your fame,

See the old tenants table be the same ;

Then

Then if you would send up the brawner's head,
 Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread :
 His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,
 Or 'midst those thund'ring spears an orange place,
 Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,
 The roguish mustard, dang'rous to the nose,
 Sack and the well-spiced hippocras the wine,
 Wassail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
 Porridge with plumbs, and turkeys with the chine. }

If you perhaps would try some dish unknown,
 Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
 Like ancient sailors still regard the coast,
 By vent'ring out too far you may be lost.
 By roasting that which your forefathers boil'd,
 And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.
 That cook to British palates is compleat,
 Whose sav'ry hand gives turns to common meat.

Tho' cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
 Thro' niceness of their subject few have writ.
 In what an awkward sound that ancient ballad ran,
 Which with this blust'ring paragraph began ?

There was a Prince of Lubberland,
A Potentate of high command.
Ten thousand bakers did attend him,
Ten thousand brewers did befriend him :

These brought him kissing crusts, and those
Brought him small beer before he rose.

The author raises mountains seeming full,
But all the cry produces little wool:

So if you sue a beggar for a house,

And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? a louse.

Homer more modest, if we search his books,

Will shew us that his heroes all were cooks;

How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,

To quarter out the ox, and spit the loins.

Oh could that poet live! could he rehearse

Thy journey L—— in immortal verse!

Muse, sing the man that did to Paris go,

That he might taste their soups and mushrooms know.

Oh how would Homer praise their dancing dogs,

Their stinking cheese, and frigacy of frogs!

He'd raise no fables, sing no flagrant lye,

Of boys with custards choak'd at Newbury;

But their whole courses you'd entirely see,

How all their parts from first to last agree.

If you all sorts of persons wou'd engage,

Suit well your eatables to ev'ry age.

The fav'rite child that just begins to prattle,

And throws away his silver bells and rattle,

Is very humourfome and makes great clutter,

Till he has windows on his bread and butter:

He

He for repeated supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell mammy what he'd have, or why.

The smooth-fac'd youth that has new guardians
From play-house steps to supper at the Rose, [chose,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squand'ring of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating must be little, costly, nice.
Maturer age, to this delight grown strange,
Each night frequents his club behind the Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour rising from a sheriff's wealth:
Unless he some insurance dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.

But then old age, by still intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Morose, perverse in humour, diffident,
The more he still abounds, the less content,
His larder and his kitchen too observes,
And now, lest he should want hereafter, starves:
Thinks scorn of all the present age can give,
And none these threescore years knew how to live.
But now the cook must pass through all degrees,
And by his art discordant tempers please,
And minister to health and to disease.

Far from the parlour have your kitchen plac'd.
Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd.

In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe,
 And from your eels their slimy substance wipe.
 Let cruel offices be done by night,
 For they who like the thing abhor the sight.

Next let discretion moderate your cost,
 And when you treat, three courses be the most.
 Let never fresh machines your pastry try,
 Unless grandees or magistrates are by,
 Then you may put a dwarf into a pye.
 Or if you'd fright an Alderman or Mayor,
 Within a pasty lodge a living hare;
 Then midst their gravest furs shall mirth arise,
 And all the guild pursue with joyful cries.

Croud not your table, let your number be
 Not more than sev'n, and never less than three.

'Tis the desert that graces all the feast,
 For an ill end disparages the rest:
 A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
 Defaces obligation by that blot.
 Make your transparent sweetmeats truly nice,
 With Indian sugar and Arabian spice:
 And let your various creams incircled be
 With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree.
 Let plates and dishes be from China brought,
 With lively paint and earth transparent wrought.

The

The feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
 And witty arguments with mirth pursu'd,
 The cheerful master midst his jovial friends,
 His glass to their best wishes recommends.
 The grace-cup follows to his sovereign's health,
 And to his country, plenty, peace and wealth.
 Performing then the piety of grace,
 Each man that pleases, re-assumes his place :
 While at his gate from such abundant store,
 He show'rs his godlike blessings on the poor.

In days of old our fathers went to war,
 Expecting sturdy blows, and hardy fare :
 Their beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
 And in their basket-hilts their bev'rage brew'd.
 Some officer perhaps might give consent
 To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,
 Where ev'ry thing that ev'ry soldier got,
 Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,
 Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot. }
 But when our conquests were extensive grown,
 And thro' the world our British worth was known,
 Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,
 Their champaign sparkled equal with their lace :
 Quails, beccofico's, ortelans were sent
 To grace the levee of a gen'ral's tent ;

In their gilt plate all delicates were seen,
And what was earth before, became a rich terrene.

When the young players get to Islington,
They fondly think that all the world's their own:
Prentices, parish-clerks, and hectors meet,
He that is drunk, or bully'd, pays the treat.
Their talk is loose, and o'er the bouncing ale,
At constables and justices they rail.
Not thinking custard such a serious thing,
That common-council men 'twill thither bring,
Where many a man at variance with his wife,
With soft'ning mead and cheese-cake ends the strife.
Ev'n squires come there, and with their mean discourse,
Render the kitchen, which they sit in, worse.
Midwives demure, and chamber maids most gay,
Foremen that pick the box, and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In cream and codlings rev'ling with delight;
What those approve, the great men will dislike,
But here's the art, if you the palate strike
By management of common things so well,
That what was thought the meanest, shall excel;
While others strive in vain, all persons own
Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.

When straitn'd in your time, and servants few,
You'd richly then compose an Ambigue:

Where

Where first and second course, and your desert
 All in one single table have their part;
 From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
 To find the jarring elements unite,
 And raise a structure grateful to the sight.

Be not too far by old example led,
 With caution now we in their footsteps tread;
 The French our relish help, and well supply
 The want of things too gross by decency.
 Our fathers most admir'd their sauces sweet,
 And often ask'd for sugar with their meat;
 They butter'd currants on fat veal bestow'd,
 And rumps of beef with virgin honey strew'd.
 Insipid taste, old friend, to them who Paris know,
 Where rocombole, shallot, and the rank garlick grow

Tom Bold did first begin the strolling mart,
 And drove about his turnips in a cart;
 Sometimes his wife the citizens would please,
 And from the same machine sell pecks of pease,
 Then pippins did in wheel-barrows abound,
 And oranges in whimsey-boards went round.
 Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
 And therefore plac'd her cherries on a stall;
 Her currants there and gooseberries were spread
 With the enticing gold of gingerbread:

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But flounders, sprats, and cucumbers were cry'd,
 And every sound, and every voice was try'd.
 At last the law this hideous din suppress'd,
 And order'd that the Sunday should have rest;
 And that no nymph her noisy food should sell,
 Except it were new milk and mackarel.

There is no dish but what our cooks have made,
 And merited a charter by their trade.
 Not French kick-shaws, or oglio's brought from Spain,
 Alone have found improvement from their brain:
 But pudding, brawn, and white-pots own to be
 Th' effects of native ingenuity.

Our British fleet which now commands the main,
 Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain,
 Wou'd they take time: would they with leisure work,
 With care would salt their beef, and cure their pork;
 Wou'd boil that liquor well whene'er they brew,
 Their conquest half is to the victualler due.

Because that thirst and abstinence are good,
 As many say, if rightly understood;
 Old Crofs condemns all persons to be fops,
 That can't regale themselves with mutton chops:
 He often for stufft beef to Bedlam runs,
 And the clean Rummer, as the Pest-house, shuns.
 Sometimes poor jack and onions are his dish,
 And then he faults those fry'rs who stink of fish.

As for my self, I take him to abstain,
 Who has good meat, with decency, tho' plain;
 But tho' my edge be not too nicely set,
 Yet I another's appetite may whet;
 May teach him when to buy, when season's past, }
 What's stale, what's choice, what plentiful, what }
 And lead him thro' the various maze of taste. [waste, }

The fundamental principle of all
 Is what ingenious cooks the relish call;
 For when the market sends in loads of food,
 They are all tasteless 'till that makes them good.
 Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
 To know for whom it is you wou'd prepare:
 You'd please a friend, or reconcile a brother,
 A testy father, or a haughty mother:
 Wou'd mollify a judge, wou'd cram a squire,
 Or else some smiles from court you may desire;
 Or wou'd perhaps some hasty supper give,
 To shew the splendid state in which you live.
 Pursuant to that int'rest you propose,
 Must all your wines and all your meat be chose,
 Let men and manners ev'ry dish adapt,
 Who'd force his pepper where his guests are clapt?
 A caldron of fat beef, and stoop of ale,
 On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,

Than

Than if you give them with the nicest art,
 Ragousts of peacocks brains, or filbert tart.
 The French by soups and haut-gousts glory raise,
 And their desires all terminate in praise.
 The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch,
 Is to save all the money they can touch.
 " Hans, cries the father, see a pin lies there,
 " A pin a day will fetch a groat a year.
 " To your five farthings join three farthings more:
 " And they, if added, make your half-pence four.
 Thus may your stock by management encrease,
 Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's peace.
 Where love of wealth, and rusty coin prevail,
 What hopes of sugar'd cakes or butter'd ale?
 Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,
 Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill:
 Clog not your constant meals, for dishes few
 Encrease the appetite, when choice and new.
 Ev'n they who will extravagance profess,
 Have still an inward hatred for excess.
 Meat forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
 Few care for carving trifles in disguise,
 Or that fantastic dish some call surprise.
 When pleasures to the eye and palate meet,
 That cook has render'd his great work complete:

His

His glory far, like Sir-loin's knighthood, flies,
Immortal made, as Kit-cat by his pyes.

Good-nature must some failings over-look,
Not wilfulness, but errors of the cook.

A string won't always give the sound design'd,
By the musician's touch, and heavenly mind;
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow,
Still to the destin'd point directly go.

Perhaps no salt is thrown about the dish,

Or no fry'd parsley scatter'd on the fish;

Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,

And hopes of pardon to my cook deny,

For things which carelessness might oversee,

And all mankind commit as well as he?

I with compassion once may overlook

A sc sewer sent to table by my cook :

But think not therefore tamely I'll permit

That he shall daily the same fault commit,

For fear the rascal send me up the spit.

Poor Roger Fowler had a gen'rous mind,

Nor would submit to have his hand confin'd,

But aim'd at all, yet never cou'd excel

In any thing but stuffing of his veal:

But when that dish was in perfection seen,

And that alone, wou'd it not move your spleen?

'Tis true, in a long work soft slumbers creep,
And gently sink the artist into sleep.

Ev'n Lamb himself, at the most solemn feast,
Might have some chargers not exactly dress'd.

Tables should be like Pictures to the sight,
Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light,
Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
Where ease may all their delicates command :
Some shoud be mov'd when broken, others last
Thro' the whole treat, incentive to the taste.

Locket by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the kitchen call'd his eldest son :
" Tho' wise thy self (says he) tho' taught by me,
" Yet fix this sentence in thy memory :
" There are some certain things that don't excel,
" And yet we say are tolerably well :
" There's many worthy men a lawyer prize,
" Whom they distinguish as of middle size,
" For pleading well at bar, or turning books ;
" But this is not (my son) the fate of cooks,
" From whose mysterious art true pleasure springs
" To stall of Garter and to throne of Kings,
" A simple scene, a disobliging song,
" Which no way to the main design belong,
" Or were they absent, never would be miss'd,
" Have made a well-wrought comedy be his'd :

“ So in a feast, no intermediate fault
 “ Will be allow’d, but if not best, ’tis naught.”

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
 From nine-pins, coits, and from trap-ball abstains:
 Cudgels avoids, and shuns the wrestling place,
 Lest Vinegar resounds his loud disgrace.

But ev’ry one to cookery pretends,
 Nor maid, nor mistress, e’er consult their friends.
 But, Sir, if you would roast a pig, be free ;
 Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me ?
 We’ll see when ’tis enough, when both eyes out,
 Or if it wants the nice concluding bout :
 But if it lies too long, the crackling’s pall’d,
 Not by the drudging-box to be recall’d.

Our Cambrian fathers, sparing in their food,
 First broil’d their hunted goats on bars of wood.
 Sharp hunger was their seas’ning, or they took
 Such salt as issued from the native rock.
 Their fallading was never far to seek,
 The poignant water-grass, or sav’ry leek ;
 Until the British bards adorn’d this isle,
 And taught them how to roast, and how to boil :
 Then Thalieffen rose and sweetly strung
 His British harp, instructing whilst he sung ;
 Taught them that honesty they still possess,
 Their truth, their open heart, their modest dress,

Duty

Duty to kindred, constancy to friends,
 And inward worth, which always recommends;
 Contempt of wealth and pleasure, to appear
 To all mankind with hospitable cheer.
 In after-ages Arthur taught his knights
 At his round table to record their fights,
 Cities eras'd, encampments forc'd in field,
 Monsters subdu'd, and hideous tyrants quell'd, }
 Inspir'd that Cambrian soul which ne'er can yield.
 Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
 To future heroes due example set;
 By his capacious cauldron made appear,
 From whence the spirits rise, and strength of war.
 The present age to gallantry enclin'd,
 Is pleas'd with vast improvements of the mind.
 He that of honour, wit and mirth partakes,
 May be a fit companion o'er beef-steaks,
 His name may be to future times enroll'd
 In Escourt's book, whose gridiron's fram'd of gold.
 Scorn not these lines, design'd to let you know
 Profits that from a well-plac'd table flow.

'Tis a sage question, if the art of cooks—
 Is lodg'd by nature, or attain'd by books:
 That man will never frame a noble treat,
 Whose whole dependence lies on some receipt.

Then by pure nature ev'ry thing is spoil'd,
 She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast, and boil'd,
 When art and nature join, th'effect will be
 Some nice ragoust, or charming fricassée.

The lad that would his genius so advance,
 That on the rope he might securely dance,
 From tender years inures himself to pains,
 To summer's parching heat and winter's rains, }
 And from the fire of wine and love abstains ;
 No artist can his haut-boy's stops command,
 Unless some skillful master form his hand ;
 But gentry take their cooks tho' never try'd ;
 It seems no more to them than up and ride.
 Preferments granted thus, shew him a fool,
 That dreads a parent's check, or rods at school.

Ox-cheek when hot, and wardens bak'd, some cry,
 But 'tis with an intention men should buy.
 Others abound with such a plenteous store,
 That if you'll let them treat they'll ask no more :
 And 'tis the vast ambition of their soul,
 To see their port admir'd, and table full.
 But then amidst that cringing fawning crowd,
 Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
 Who with such grace his honour's actions praise,
 How well he fences, dances, sings and plays ;

Tell

Tell him his liv'ry's rich, his chariot's fine,
 How choice his meat, and delicate his wine;
 Surrounded thus, how should the youth descry
 The happiness of friendship from a lie?
 Friends act with cautious temper when sincere,
 But flatt'ring impudence is void of care:
 So at an Irish funeral appears
 A train of drabs with mercenary tears;
 Who wringing of their hands with hideous moan,
 Know not his name for whom they seem to groan;
 While real grief with silent steps proceeds,
 And love unfeign'd with inward passion bleeds.
 Hard fate of wealth; were lords, as butchers wife,
 They from the meat wou'd banish all the flies:
 The Persian Kings, with wine and massy bowl
 Search'd to the dark recesses of the soul;
 That so laid open, no one might pretend,
 Unless a man of worth, to be their friend;
 But now the guests their patrons undermine,
 And slander them for giving them their wine.
 Great men have dearly thus companions bought,
 Unless by these instructions they'll be taught,
 They spread the net, and will themselves be caught. }
 Were Horace, that great master, now alive,
 A feast with wit and judgment he'd contrive.

As thus——supposing that you would rehearse
 A labour'd work, and every dish a verse :
 He'd say, mend this, and t'other line, and this,
 If after tryal it were still amiss ;
 He'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
 Or set some dish more curious in its place.
 If you persist, he would not strive to move
 A passion so delightful as self-love.

We should submit our treats to critics view,
 And every prudent cook should read Bosſu.
 Judgment provides the meat in season fit,
 Which by the genius dress'd, its sauce is wit.
 Good beef for men, pudding for youth and age,
 Come up to the decorum of the stage.
 The critic strikes out all that is not just,
 And 'tis e'en so the butler chips his crust.
 Poets and pastry-cooks will be the same,
 Since both of them their images must frame.
 Chimera's from the poet's fancie flow,
 The cook contrives his shapes in real dough.

When truth commands, there's no man can offend
 That with a modest love corrects his friend.
 Tho' 'tis in toasting bread, or butt'ring pease,
 So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease.
 But why shou'd we reprove when faults are small?
 Because 'tis better to have none at all.

There's

There's often weight in things that seem the least,
And our most trifling follies raise the jest.

'Tis by his cleanliness a cook must please,
A kitchen will admit of no disease.

The fowler and the huntsman both may run
Amidst that dirt which he must nicely shun.

Empedocles, a sage of old, would raise

A name immortal by unusual ways ;

At last his fancies grew so very odd,

He thought by roasting to be made a god.

Tho' fat, he leapt with his unweildy stuff

In Ætna's flames, so to have fire enough.

Were my cook fat, and I a stander by,

I'd rather than himself his fish should fry.

There are some persons so excessive rude,

That to your private table they'll intrude.

In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast,

Turn like a fox, they'll catch you at the last.

You must, since bars and doors are no defense,

Ev'n quit your house as in a pestilence.

Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,

And, as you're scamp'ring, stop you in your coach.

Then think of all your sins, and you will see

How right your guilt and punishment agree :

Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,

But you would throw some debtor into jail.

Now mark th' effect of his prevailing curse,
 You are detain'd by something that is worse,
 Were it in my election, I should chuse
 To meet a rav'nous wolf, or bear got loose :
 He'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,
 No quarter from the parasite you'll get ;
 But like a leech well fix'd he'll suck what's good,
 And never part 'till satisfy'd with blood.

An Imitation of

H O R A C E ' s Invitation
Of T O R Q U A T U S to Supper,
Which is the Fifth Epistle to his First Book.

By the Same.

IF Bellvill can his gen'rous soul confine
 To a small room, few dishes, and some wine,
 I shall expect my happiness at nine. }

Two bottles of smooth Palm, or Anjou white,
 Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight.

Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely ask,
 But the Champagne is to each man his flask.

I tell you with what force I keep the field,
 And if you can exceed it, speak, I'll yield.
 The snow-white damask ensigns are display'd,
 And glitt'ring salvers on the side-board laid.
 Thus we'll disperse all busy thoughts and cares,
 The gen'ral's counsels, and the statesman's fears:
 Nor shall sleep reign in that precedent night,
 Whose joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
 Sacred to British worth in Blenheim's fight. }
 The blessings of good fortune seem refus'd,
 Unless sometimes with gen'rous freedom us'd.
 'Tis madness, not frugality, prepares
 A vast excess of wealth for squand'ring heirs.
 Must I of neither wine, nor mirth partake,
 Lest the censorious world should call me rake?
 Who unaquainted with the gen'rous wine,
 E'er spoke bold truths, or fram'd a great design?
 That makes us fancy ev'ry face has charms;
 That gives us courage, and then finds us arms:
 Sees care disburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
 The poor grow rich, and every wish enjoy'd.

This I'll perform, and promise you shall see
 A cleanliness from affectation free:
 No noise, no hurry, when the meat's set on,
 Or when the dish is chang'd, the servants gone:

For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
 Whate'er you want is in the master's reach.
 Then for the company, I'll see it chose,
 Their emblematic signal is the Rose.
 If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
 Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
 And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd,
 What can you hope for better from a crowd?
 But I shall not prescribe, consult your ease,
 Write back your men, and number as you please:
 Try your back-stairs, and let your lobby wait,
 A stratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

The Old CHEESE.

By the Same

Young Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
 That knew all the conveniences of life,
 Whose diligence and cleanliness supply'd
 The wit which nature had to him deny'd;
 But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
 And make a better man than Slouch afraid.

This

This made censorious persons of the town
 Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own :
 For if he went abroad too much, she'd use
 To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
 Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted,
 Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted :
 Yet still into his story she would break,
 With, 'Tis not so—Pray give me leave to speak.
 His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
 Not differing much from calling of him, fool ;
 Told him he must exert himself, and be
 In fact the master of his family.
 He said, that the next Tuesday noon would show
 Whether he were the Lord at home, or no ;
 When their good company he would entreat
 To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat.
 With aking heart home to his wife he goes,
 And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
 And prays dear Sukey, that one day at least,
 He might appear as master of the feast.
 I'll grant your wish, cries she, that thou may'st see
 'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me.
 The guests upon the day appointed came,
 Each bowsy farmer with his simp'ring dame.
 Hoe ! Sue ! cries Slouch, why dost not thou appear ?
 Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is here ?

I pardon ask, says Sue, I'd not offend
 Any my dear invites, much less his friend.
 Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught,
 To entertain his friends with finding fault,
 And make the main ingredient of his treat,
 His saying there was nothing fit to eat ;
 The boil'd pork stinks, the roast beef's not enough,
 The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough ;
 The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil ;
 And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
 'Tis we are the first Slouces ever fate
 Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat.
 What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed
 Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed ?
 Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be dress'd,
 When there's so many squab ones in the nest ?
 This beer is sour, this musty, thick and stale,
 And worse than any thing except the ale.

Sue all this while many excuses made,
 Some things she own'd, at other times she laid }
 The fault on chance, but oftner on the maid.
 Then cheese was brought. Says Slouch, this e'en shall roll:
 I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl :
 This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go,
 And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too.

But

But now Sue's patience did begin to waste,
 Nor longer could dissimulation last.
 Pray let me rise, says Sue; my dear, I'll find
 A cheese perhaps may be to lovey's mind.
 Then in an entry, standing close, where he
 Alone, and none of all his friends might see:
 And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
 And far enough on this occasion smelt;
 I'll try, my joy, she cry'd, if I can please
 My dearest with a taste of his old cheese.
 Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
 Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
 Knew well the twang: Is't the old cheese, my dear?
 No need, no need of cheese, cries Slouch, I'll swear:
 I think I've din'd as well as my Lord-Mayor.

The S K I L L E T.

By the Same.

TWO neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would marry'd be,
 But did not in their choice of wives agree.
 Clod thought a cuckold was a monstrous beast,
 With two huge glaring eyes and spreading crest;
 Therefore resolving never to be such,
 Married a wife none but himself could touch.

Jolt

Jolt thinking marriage was decreed by fate,
 Which shews us whom to love and whom to hate,
 To a young handsome jolly lass made court,
 And gave his friends convincing reason for't,
 That since in life such mischief may be had,
 Beauty had something still that was not bad.
 Within two months fortune was pleas'd to send
 A tinker to Clod's house with, "brass to mend".
 The good old wife survey'd the brawny spark,
 And found his chine was large, tho' couut'nance dark.
 First she appears in all her airs, then tries
 The squinting efforts of her am'rous eyes.
 Much time was spent, and much desire express'd :
 At last the tinker cry'd, few words are best ;
 Give me that skillet then, and if I'm true,
 I dearly earn it for the work I do.
 They 'greed : they parted ; on the tinker goes,
 With the same stroke of pan, and twang of nose,
 'Till he at Jolt's beheld a sprightly dame,
 That set his native vigour all on flame.
 He looks, sighs, faints, at last begins to cry,
 And can you then let a young tinker dye ?
 Says she, Give me your skillet then and try.
 My skillet ! Both my heart and skillet take ;
 I wish it were a copper for your sake.

After

After all this, not many days did pass,
 Clod sitting at Jolt's house survey'd the brass.
 And glitt'ring pewter standing on the shelf
 Then, after some gruff mutt'ring with himself,
 Cry'd, prithee, Jolt, how came that skillet thine?
 You know as well as I, quoth Jolt, 't'en't mine;
 But I'll ask Nan. 'Twas done; Nan told the matter
 In truth as 'twas; then cry'd, You've got the better.
 For tell me, dearest, whether you would chuse
 To be a gainer by me, or to lose.
 As for our neighbour Clod, this I dare say,
 We've beauty and a skillet more than they.

The FISHERMAN.

By the Same.

TOM Banks by native industry was taught
 The various arts how fishes might be caught;
 Sometimes with tremling reed and fingle hair,
 And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
 With melancholy thoughts and downcast eyes,
 Expecting 'till deceit had gain'd its prize.
 Sometimes in riv'let quick and water clear,
 They'd meet a fate more gen'rous from his spear.

To

To baskets oft he'd pliant oziers turn,
 Where they might entrance find, but no return.
 His net well pois'd with lead he'd sometimes throw,
 Encircling thus his captives all below.
 But when he would a quick destruction make,
 And from afar much larger booty take,
 He'd thro' the stream, where most descending, set
 From side to side his strong capacious net ;
 And then his rustic crew with mighty poles,
 Would drive his prey out from their ouzy holes.
 And so pursue 'em down the rolling flood,
 Gasping for breath, and almost choak'd with mud ;
 'Till they, of farther passage quite bereft,
 Were in the mash with gills entangl'd left.
 Trot, who liv'd down the stream, ne'er thought his
 Was good, unless he had his water clear ; [beer
 He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale :
 Lord ! if you knew but how the people rail :
 They cannot boil, nor wash, nor rinse, they say, }
 With water sometimes ink and sometimes whey, }
 According as you meet with mud or clay.
 Besides, my wife this six months could not brew,
 And now the blame of this all's laid on you ;
 For it will be a dismal thing to think,
 How we old Trots must live and have no drink :

There-

Therefore, I pray, some other method take
 Of fishing, were it only for our sake.
 Says Banks, I'm sorry it should be my lot,
 Ever to disoblige my gossip Trot:
 Yet t'ent my fault; but so 'tis fortune tries one,
 To make his meat become his neighbour's poison;
 And so we pray for winds upon this coast,
 By which on t'other natives may be lost.
 Therefore in patience rest, tho' I proceed;
 There's no ill nature in the case, but need.
 Tho' for your use the water will not serve,
 I'd rather you shou'd choak than I should starve.

Little M O U T H S.

By the Same.

FROM London, Paul the carrier coming down
 To Wantage, meets a beauty of the Town;
 They both accost with salutation pretty,
 As how dost Paul? Thank ye, and how dost Betty?
 Did'st see our Jack, nor sister? No, you've seen,
 I warrant, none but those who saw the Queen.
 Many words spoke in jest, says Paul, are true,
 I came from Windsor, and if some folks knew
 As much as I, it might be well for you.

}
 Lord,

Lord, Paul ! what is't ? Why give me something for't,
 This kiss, and this. The matter's then in short,
 The Parliament have made a proclamation,
 Which will this week be sent all round the nation ;
 'That maids with little mouths do all prepare,
 On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,
 And that all batchelors be likewise there. }
 For maids with little mouths shall, if they please,
 From these young men chuse two apiece.
 Betty with bridled chin extends her face,
 And then contracts her lips with simp'ring grace,
 Cries, hem ! pray what must all the huge ones do
 For husbands, when we little mouths have two ?
 Hold, not so fast, cries he, pray pardon me,
 Maids with huge gaping wide mouths must have three.
 Betty distorts her face with hideous squawl, }
 And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
 Oh, ho ! Is't so ? The case is alter'd, Paul. }
 Is that the point ? I wish the three were ten ;
 I warrant I'll find mouth, if they'll find men.

Hold

Hold fast below.

By the Same.

THere was a lad th'unluckiest of his crew,
 Was still contriving something bad, but new:
 His comrades all obedience to him paid,
 In executing what designs he laid;
 'Twas they should rob the orchard, he'd retire,
 His foot was safe whilst their's was in the fire.
 He kept them in the dark to that degree,
 None should presume to be so wise as he;
 But being at the top of all affairs,
 The profit was his own, the mischief theirs:
 There fell some words made him begin to doubt,
 The rogues would grow so wise to find him out;
 He was not pleas'd with this, and so next day
 He cries to 'em as going just to play:
 What a rare jack-daw's nest is there, look up,
 You see 'tis almost at the steeple's top.
 Ah, says another, we can have no hope
 Of getting thither to't without a rope.
 Says then the fleering spark with courteous grin,
 By which he drew his infant cullies in;

Nothing

Nothing more easy : Did you never see
 How in swarm bees hanging bee by bee,
 Make a long sort of rope below the tree.

Why mayn't we do the same, good Mr John !

For that contrivance, pray let me alone.

Tom shall hold Will, you Will, and I'll hold you,

And then I warrant you the thing will do.

But if there's any does not care to try,

Let us have no jack-daws, and what care I !

That touch'd the quick, and so they soon comply'd,

No argument like that was e'er deny'd,

And therefore instantly the thing was try'd.

They hanging down on strength above depend,

Then to himself mutters their trusty friend,

The dogs are almost useless grown to me,

I ne'er shall have such opportunity

To part with 'em : and so e'en let 'em go,

Then cries aloud : So ho ! my lads ! so ho !

You're gone, unless you all hold fast below.

They've serv'd my turn, so it's fit time to drop 'em ;

The devil, if he wants 'em, let him stop him.

The

The INCURIOUS.

By the Same.

A Virtuoso had a mind to see
 One that would never discontented be
 But in a careless way to all agree;
 He had a servant much of Æsop's kind,
 Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind:
 Humpus, says he, I order that you find
 Out such a man, with such a character,
 He, in this paper now I give you here,
 Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
 Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
 For I will break your back, and set you strait.
 Bring him to dinner. Humpus soon withdrew,
 Was safe, as having such a one in view,
 At Covent Garden dial, whom he found,
 Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound.
 Who solitary gaping without care,
 Seem'd to say; Who is't will go any where?
 Says Humpus, Sir, my master bade me pray
 Your company to dine with him to day.

He

He snuffs; then follows, up the stairs he goes,
 Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
 But looking round him saw a handsome room,
 And did not much repent that he was come;
 Close to the fire he draws an elbow chair,
 And lolling easy does for sleep prepare.
 In comes the family, but he sits still,
 Thinks, let them take the other chairs that will.
 The master thus accosts him, "Sir, you're wet,
 " Pray have a cushion underneath your feet.
 Thinks he, if I do spoil it, need I care;
 I see he has eleven more to spare.
 Dinner's brought up, the wife is bid retreat,
 And at the upper end must be his seat.
 This is not very usual, thinks the clown,
 But is not all the family his own;
 And why should I, for contradiction's sake,
 Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?
 If from his table she discarded be,
 What need I care, there is the more for me.
 After a while the daughter's bid to stand,
 And bring him whatsoever he'll command.
 Thinks he, the better from the fairer hand.
 Young master next must rise to fill him wine,
 And starve himself to see the booby dine.

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He

He does't. The father asks, what have you there?

How dare you give a stranger vinegar?

Sir, 'twas Champaigne I gave him; Sir, indeed!

Take him and scourge him 'till the rascal bleed;

Don't spare him for his tears nor age: I'll try

If cat and nine tails can excuse a lie.

Thinks the clown, that 'twas wine I do believe;

But such young rogues are aptest to deceive;

He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,

And how know I but 't may be for his good?

When the desert come on, and jellies brought,

Then was the dismal scene of finding fault,

They were such hideous, filthy, pois'nous stuff,

Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.

Humpus was ask'd who made 'em. Trembling he

Said, "Sir, it was my lady gave 'em me.

I'll take care she shall no more poison give,

I'll burn the witch; 'ti'n't fitting she should live;

Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry;

And pray, good Sir, may't please you to be by.

Then smiling, says the clown, Upon my life,

A pretty fancy this to burn one's wife.!

And since that really is your design,

Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine.

The APPARITION. A P O E M.

Or a Dialogue betwixt the Devil and a
Doctor, concerning a Book Falsly call'd,
The Rights of the Christian Church.

By the late Rev. Dr. *Evans.*

BEgin, my Muse : the dire adventure tell,
How the supremest gloomy power of Hell,
Convers'd familiar with a mortal man :
Where, when, and how the conference began ;
Bring each particular in open sight,
And do the Devil and the Doctor right.

As round the world that restless spirit flew,
This spacious earth, and all her sons to view ;
To see how treason, lust and murder strove,
To fill his realms, and empty those above.
While truth was traml'd on by lies and spight,
And wrong victorious triumph'd over right ;
Vice domineer'd, and haughty swore aloud,
Surrounded with a num'rous flatt'ring croud :
Virtue, with blushes cover'd o're, retir'd,
By all forsaken, tho' by all admir'd.
Silent she griev'd, with pity at the sight,
Then wing'd tow'rds Heav'n her solitary flight.

Not

Not so the fiend, with other passions fraught
 Exulting, on his mighty conquest thought:
 Wide, to his view, the lovely prospect lay,
 But still with joy malign he ey'd the prey:
 For some escaping, made his madness rise,
 Low'ring he scowl'd and darken'd all the skies:
 Unmindful of the many, Satan stood,
 Revenge against those flying few he vow'd:
 Then toss'd the vipers round his horrid head,
 And thus indignant to himself he said.

“ These kingdoms of the earth of old were giv'n,
 “ If I mistake not, in exchange for heav'n:
 “ Their pow'r, their wealth and glory, all are mine,
 “ I hold 'em from above by grant divine.
 “ Uxorious Adam, by my cunning cross'd,
 “ Forfeit to treason all their tenures lost:
 “ Then, if I hold by titles such as these,
 “ Who shall my tenures dare dispute or seize?
 “ Yet—for all this—spite of my sovereign will,
 “ Some nations do decline their homage still.
 “ The three great quarters of the world are mine,
 “ See how their altars smoak and temples shine!—
 “ In Europe too, nor am I less rever'd,
 “ Where grateful Rome her images has rear'd:
 “ Or where fanatick sectaries abound,
 “ I scow'r with pleasure my devouring round:

" But Albion, cursed isle ! by priests mis-led,
 " False to my hopes, is in rebellion bred.
 " Not that my emissaries here I want :
 " Atheists to curse, and hypocrites to cant.
 " BURGESS aloft harangues the gaping crowd,
 " While witty H——G below blasphemes aloud ;
 " And to each other, tho' so opposite,
 " Yet in my cause both lovingly unite :
 " The TOLERATION to my wish proceeds,
 " Neglected gardens must be choak'd with weeds.
 " Oh, cou'd I sink the sacramental test !
 " Down falls at once the altar and the priest :
 " For still th' establish'd church is all my bane :
 " And while that stands, I ne'er must hope to reign.
 " But then that Oxford, damn'd pedantic town !
 " Thus to be fool'd by a square-cap and gown !
 " How old and silly, Satan, art thou grown ?
 " —But 'tis resolv'd, new measures I will try,
 " Quick to All-Souls, to TINDAL I will fly :
 " TINDAL, alike with me, by God accurs'd ;
 " In vice and error from his cradle nurs'd :
 " He studies hard, and takes extreme delight,
 " In whores, or heresies to spend the night :
 " My vassal sworn ! he loves confusion's cause,
 " And hates, like me, all government and laws :

" All

" All ties of duty, gratitude are vain ;
 " No bonds his furious malice can restrain :
 " All int'rests, civil, sacred, still unite
 " With idle toil, to check his ardent spite.

Thus having said, quick down to earth he fell ;
 Full in the middle of the Quadrangle :
 With sudden glance he travers'd all the rooms,
 And then forthwith a human shape assumes.

Like an old college-bedmaker he bent ;
 His cloven-foot he wrigg'l'd as he went :
 A frowzy high-crown'd hat his face did hide,
 A hooked staff his tott'ring steps did guide,
 A bunch of various keys hung jangling by his side.

Quick to the Doctor's chamber he repair'd,
 Three solemn raps upon the door were hear'd ;
 The Doctor list'ning, trembl'd, swore, and star'd.
 And in an instant tow'rd the door he goes,
 The door, self-opening, took him thwart the nose.
 Astonish'd, back he started with a bound ;
 And thought, at least, he trod enchanted ground.
 But as the spectre nearer to him drew,
 Resolv'd at last, he cries, Z——s ! What are you ?
 The spright, observing strait his great confusion,
 Thus calmly silence broke (as he who knows one)

“ Dear Doctor ! Prithee do not tremble so :
 “ Pray be compos’d ! What ? -- Not Crippelia know !
 “ The Devil is not come to fetch you now. }
 “ Once I was young, nor wanted female charms,
 “ When I lay panting in your curling arms :
 “ Lock’d in the folds of love, we both defy’d
 “ The statutes, and the laws of God beside.
 “ Then, my Civilian, as intranc’d you lay,
 “ How did you sigh and kiss the hours away !
 “ Not Alexander, with Statira blest,
 “ His passion with more tenderness exprest.
 “ What ? tho’ with age and weakness now I bend, }
 “ With wrinkles shrivel’d : — for one tumbler
 “ If not a mistress, use me like a friend. [send : }
 “ For favours past some small regards are due ;
 “ I wou’d not at these years have flouted you.
 “ Turn then, barbarian, turn thy lovely eyes ;
 “ Survey me well : — and mark my thin disguise. —
 “ No musty college-matron here thou see’st ; }
 “ Them, and their masters, I alike detest,
 “ Abhor, as thou dost, any christian priest. }
 “ Before thee stands Hell’s mighty sovereign king :
 “ My subjects thanks for thy last works I bring.
 “ All my grim sons, with emulation fir’d,
 “ Restless, thy *Rights*, thy *Christian Rights* requir’d,
 “ Thy

- “ Thy *Christian Church's Rights*: Immortal page !
 “ Worthy thy malice, impudence and rage :
 “ Envious they ask, in sullen surly mood ;
 “ What Incubus did o'er thy fancy brood ?
 “ All Hell resounds thy name with loud applause,
 “ And love the leader, as they like the cause :
 “ But above all, the hot-brain'd Atheist crew,
 “ That ever Greece, or Rome, or Britain knew,
 “ Wave all their laurels, and their palms to you.
 “ Spinoza smiles, and cries—The work is done ;
 “ TINDAL shall finish ; (Satan's darling son :)
 “ TINDAL shall finish, what Spinoza first begun.
 “ Hobbes, Milton, Blount, Vanini with him join ;
 “ All equally admire the vast design.
 “ Then—to the trumpet's and the clarion's sound :
 “ The giddy goblets whirl in eddies round, [dwell !
 “ To TINDAL's health:— on earth may TINDAL
 “ Late may we have his presence here in Hell!
 “ Till he the glorious work has done : they cry,
 “ Till Christian churches all in ruins lye :
 “ (Sonorous shoutings rend the livid sky)
 “ No single fiend, through all the numerous host,
 “ Declines the glass, when TINDAL is the toast.
 “ Old Epicurus, to Lucretius bow'd,
 “ Young, witty, learn'd, vain, impudent, and proud

“ Diagoras next Apollonius sat ;
 “ The solemn sages on thy works debate :
 “ The traytor Judas list’ning, grinning stood ;
 “ Sometimes he mus’d, and then he laugh’d aloud :
 “ ’Twixt rage, and hate, and scorn, at last he cries,
 “ Curse on thee, for thy silly random kifs !
 “ To take the founder, and the church to miss.
 “ Apostate Julian rose, and loudly swore,
 “ The Galilean’s empire was no more ;
 “ His royal priesthood shou’d for ever cease,
 “ And Satan shall regain the realms of bliss.

By this time TINDAL, quite recover’d, stood ;
 His visage redden’d with returning blood,
 And thus he answer’d (when he thrice had bow’d.)

Dr. Great are the honors, which the prince of Hell
 Bestows upon a mortal infidel :

Nor with less pleasure I the praises hear,
 Your subjects to my trifling labours spare ;
 Neither to you, nor them, I must confess,
 My duty, as I ought, I can express :

Fain wou’d I merit more ! wou’d they but praise

But give me leave (as I’m in duty bound)

To pay thee, Satan, reverence most profound :

(Here with his head nine times he touch’d the ground.)

Civility surprizing, I acknowledge ;

To visit a poor fellow of a college !

For Hell's dread emperor to condescend
Himself ! to see a vile terrestrial friend !
Tell me, ye gods of Erebus and Night,
How have ye hear'd of such a worthless wight ?
What thanks are then, supream apostate, due
From me, (the meanest of God's foes) to you ?

S. Egregious youth ! thou last best hopes of Hell !
All Satan's sons have hitherto done well ;
But thou, all Satan's sons do'st far excel. }
—However—let us not, my worthy friend !
Our time in ceremonies only spend :
Nine times three minutes I can only stay,
And cannot bear the least approach of day :
Then to the bus'ness quickly let us come ;
'Tis what you study here, and I at home.
The church of England is the cursed thing,
That you and I must to destruction bring.

D. Thanks, great destroyer ! if so mean a man
As I, but work such mighty mischief can ;
No time, nor cost I'll spare : no strength or pains :
(The church of England's losses are my gains.)
Some deanery then to my lay-fee shall fall ;
The bishoprics—my betters must have,—all.

S. I tell thee, TINDAL, and observe it well :
Merit, like thine, does all reward excel.

For gold, or fame, let little souls contend ;
 Dis-interested mischief be thy end :
 Only with patience in thy work persist ;
 To Hell's infernal Cæsar leave the rest.

D. Oh emperor ! what merit can I claim,
 The youngest hero in thy lists of fame ?
 Had I of old, (as scripture annals sing)
 Wag'd war with thee 'gainst heav'n's perpetual king :
 Had I (but only on the conquer'd side)
 Display'd, with thee, my vanity and pride ;
 Some laurel then I cou'd with pleasure wear,
 And without blushing now my praises hear.

S. Extreams on all sides we with justice blame ;
 A little then thy headstrong rage reclaim :
 And try thy lust of anarchy to tame. }
 Mischief enough remains on earth undone ;
 Then check thy flight tow'rds heav'n, my tow'ring son.
 The greatest worth still bounds and limits knows ;
 Be satisfy'd—and gall thy present foes.
 The Christian church is still in safety found ;
 Let that be first quite levell'd to the ground.
 When thou hast finish'd this, (no small design)
 Thou may'st with reason for fresh mischief pine :
 And before all the Christian churches, still
 Let Albion's church employ thy utmost skill ;

Quick

Quick against that thy second batt'ry raise,
 And equal to thy mischief be thy praise.
 Her clergy first, with foulest lies defame;
 Her clergy, of whatever age or name:
 Rome's pontiff, and the ruling elders spare:
 To blacken Albion's bishops be thy care:
 Tell how that realm is by the bishops curs'd;
 All discord, error, by their canons nurs'd:
 New schemes of government unheard-of raise;
 And all (but that which you live under) praise:
 For mad republics still thy strains pursue;
 For mad republics, whether old or new:
 All cursed monarchies alike decry,
 Mix'd, absolute, their various rights deny:
 Monarchs, as tyrants, in thy books display;
 Bishops, as feller tyrants far than they:
 False are our hopes, and profitless our pains,
 While bishops mitres wear, and ANNA reigns.

D. It shall be done: great enemy of light!
 I bear with 'em all, with thee, an equal spite:
 An equal spite, tho' not a power I bring
 With thee, 'gainst heav'n's all-ruling tyrant king.
 I hate his son, as much as you, or more.

S. Why wilt thou thus aloft unbounded soar?

M 5

Stoop;

Stoop ; stoop thy wings : on earth again descend.

D. At thy monition, downwards thus I bend ;
And only wish—his church on earth may end !

Oh were my will, but once Britannia's law !
Rome should again the servile nation awe ;
The Druids else regain their lost abodes,
And Thor and Woden be Britannia's Gods :
Idols in every temple shou'd be found,
The poor in chains of superstition bound ;
The rich in luxury and atheism drown'd :
All decency and order shou'd be damn'd ;
And wild Enthusiasm run bellowing thro' the land,
All, in their turns, be prophets, priests, and kings ;
Distinctions are but meer fantastic things :
All government does from the people flow ;
Whom they make priests or kings, are truly so.

These are the doctrines in the Rights I teach,
No matter what the prophets or apostles preach.

S. Moses indeed (a wonder-working Jew)
Tells you, how empire first in Eden grew ;
That Adam was the first undoubted king,
And from his loins all future monarchs spring :
All regal power on earth with him began,
And thro' his veins to his first-born it ran :
God made the monarch when he made the man.

The

The Patriarchs hence their right imperial claim'd ;
 And the first son the successor was nam'd :
 The people never gave dominion birth ;
 As well might crowns like mushrooms spring from earth :
 Notions—I own—that have been reckon'd good,
 But wond'rous old !—I think—before the flood :
 Dry ; hard to swallow : some of narrower throats
 Doubt, or deny, and think this rabbi dotes ;
 So comment all the text away with notes.

Next, he of Nazareth the prophet, came ;
 (To me, and thee, an ever hateful name.)
 The scheme Mosaic he in pieces broke :
 But gall'd the nations with an equal yoke :
 Of monarchs and their crowns he little said ;
 (Only, to Cæsar, Cæsar's things be paid.)
 The laws of earthly realms he let alone ;
 But in exchange, beneath his priests ye groan :
 And if from heav'n, (as they pretend) he came ;
 Their priesthood then from heav'n they justly claim :
 But that a little shocks my faith. *D.* Much mine :

S. The Christian priesthood then is not divine.
 If Jesus then was not the son of God,
 Then an impostor ; *D.* Which I think : *S.* Allow'd,

D. And justly on the cross th' impostor bow'd.
 Ye coming ages ! for th' impostor's sake,
 Of all his tribe the like examples make :

With equal pain and shame his followers vex,
 With endless plagues that progeny perplex,
 Let 'em from earth with utmost fury fly,
 To seek their weights of glory in the sky *.

S. He first, then they, those slavish doctrines taught,
 That no revenge must on your foes be wrought :
 That crowns celestial were to cowards giv'n :
 And only slaves on earth were lords in heav'n :
 Doctrines, too low, for thy erected race,
 Reject 'em then, sublimer far embrace :
 Submission does thy manly tribe disgrace.

Do thou, thy native fierceness bravely show ;
 Rather than pardon, give the foremost blow :
 Forgiveness, is the coward's want of skill,
 Or strength, to execute his angry will :
 Or else revenge delay'd ; till time mature
 Succeed the vengeance, make resentment sure.
 Thou on thy foes with speed and vigour fly ;
 And ev'ry bold offender, let him dye :
 Stay not till he thy pardon may implore ;
 Or if he does, let that incense thee more :
 It shows a coward ; and a coward's blow
 Deserves the utmost that thy rage can do :

Thy

* *The Ax laid to the Root*, where you may plainly find, such malice, and such blasphemy, to be the sentiments and language of these execrable apostates.

Thy humour be thy law, thy lust thy guide ;
 Nor subject be to any thing beside,
 But obstinacy, vanity, and pride.

— In truths like these the hardy Britons train ;
 Thus subjects wise their liberties maintain :
 And thus rebellion will securely reign.

Subjects, like these, their trembling rulers awe ;

Thus kings receive, the people give the law :

If any sawcy monarch dare oppose,

Or pedant bishop ; let 'em feel their foes :

To death or exile quick the traytors drive ;

No rebels to the people ought to live.

Thus LAUD, and STUART, both with justice dy'd,

Fierce CROMWEL, with the many on his side,

Thus check'd the prelate's and the monarch's pride.

D. And thus it is, true oracle of lies !

That in the Rights, the Britons I advise :

But they remain, reluctant to my will ;

Their beer, and beef, confirm 'em blockheads still.

Wou'd they but publickly my doctrines own,

The monarchy had long ere this, been down :

Episcopacy of that name bereft ;

And that is almost all it now has left.

If common fortune does my toils attend,

My second Rights that order quite shall end.

Instruct

Instruct me, mighty leader ! to oppose
Priests, bishops, kings : (Britannia's only foes.)

S. TINDAL !—Your Rights I like in gen'ral well :
Yet—in some parts, you've broke the laws of Hell :
You speak too plain,—and lay your cloak aside,——
Forbear,—be cover'd,—I chastise such pride.
Wise fowlers do not thus themselves proclaim,
But wind with caution round the watchful game :
Had I, like you, the hypocrite disown'd,
Adam had ne'er beneath my scepter groan'd.
Bravo's, in other countries, never cry
The men in public, they intend shall dye.

Woud'st thou, Civilian, depths satanic know ?
Then to these rules with deep attention bow.

Let moderation all your counsels guide ;
Nothing does vice so well as virtue hide :
True, sterling, and infernal treason's—this ;
Formal begin—all hail !—and then ——the kiss :
With caution most deliberate proceed ;
The swiftest is not still the surest speed :
To brutal rashness few great deeds we owe ;
Heroes in mischief civil are, and slow :
A gentle answer all objections solves ;
Sheep's cloathing is the proper garb for wolves.
In vain against religion war you wage,
Without the serpent's cunning, with his rage.

D.

D. Accept my thanks; Hades' all-sapient fire!
 Who can enough thy politics admire?
 Prostrate I kneel; — and for thy pardon sue; —
 For moderation all my vows renew:

Then bow thine ear, and listen to my cries;
 And make me, like thy self, both brave and wise.

S. Thus your Stage-poets too, are all to blame,
 Those puppies ever over-run their game:

Over all bounds, all precipices leap;
 Nor mind the lashings of the hunter's whip:
 Bawdy, profaneness, blasphemy they join;
 Think only wit, with wickedness, divine:
 Turn ev'ry thing that's sacred, to a jest;
 In Christian countries never spare a priest.

For faults, like these, fierce Jerry Collier rose;
 Briskly he charg'd, and routed all his foes:
 Ev'n the Train-band reformers, cou'd engage
 Such fotts; with glory, equal to their rage.

For faults, like these, from France the dancers come,
 And eunuch singing choristers, from Rome:
 At vast expence those Epicures are fed;
 The poets, players, justly want their bread.

'Tis for these reasons theatres decay;
 Profaneness sinks, and blasphemy gives way:
 Bawdy no more with pleasure can be hear'd;
 The modest, civil sinners, all are scar'd.

For

For this, one house a timber-yard is turn'd;
 Oh! had ye hear'd—how pocky *Dav'nant mourn'd!
 The pillars too of all the others bend;
 I see their pageant deities descend:
 And all in real flames their painted glories end.
 The mightiest emperors, most gracious queens,
 Dwindle to pimps, and whores behind the scenes.

With prudence then, divert th' impending blow,
 Some moderation in your madness shew:
 For lewdness, for discreeter lewdness call;
 For modest vice:—or else the stage will fall.

Your nasty nakedness to rage provokes;
 On quickly with your vizards—all, and cloaks.

Plays are like poisons, if they're temper'd right,
 Never offend the taste, the smell, or sight:
 Bawdy bare-fac'd must never be allow'd;
 Ev'n whores are mask'd, and modest in a croud.
 No blasphemies be bellow'd from the stage,
 Nor any public wars with virtue wage:
 In private be as wicked as ye will;
 Do not abroad—my mysteries reveal.—
 —Rakes I abhor: all fotts so loudly lewd;
 Hell blushes at the giddy senseless brood:
 Whate'er you think, and pray such coxcombs tell,
 We have some modesty at least,—in Hell:

Not

* The gentleman who built the Queen's Theatre in Dorset-Garden.

Not such as is in silly virgins seen;
Grave, solid, sober, serious vice, I mean.

Be then these rules observ'd alike by all;
And Vice again shall rise, and Virtue fall:
The realms of darkness ev'ry day increase;
Lewdness grow great, as modesty grows less:
Atheists, with poets, players, (wretches vile
By the saints call'd) shall govern Albion's isle;
And Satan on ye all propitious smile.

D. If Satan smiles, what mortal shall withstand
Th' unerring thunder of my vengeful hand?

Listen, ye Britons! then to TINDAL's lore;
I'll soon relieve ye from tyrannic pow'r:
Nor priests, nor monarchs, shall in fetters bind
Much longer, any free-born Briton's mind:
I'll teach ye, ev'ry bullet-headed wight,
To drink all day, and fornicate all night:

S. Well started, casuist!—'tis a Briton's right.
Whoring's a very little venial sin,
If Phyllis be but wholesome, cheap, and clean;
And drunkenness is physically good,
To cure the spleen, and circulate the blood.

Pray,—when you take a new satanic text,
Instruct your honest blockhead Britons next,
How by the gospel they're all plagu'd and vex't:

Show

Show 'em, that 'tis beneath a Briton's care,
To spend his time in sacraments and pray'r.

D. It shall be done, most anti-christian spright !
And the three creeds, my liege, can ne'er be right :
Three creeds ? but one my faith does puzzle quite. }

Suppose that, NOT, were by the commons freed
Out of the decalogue, and plac'd i'th' creed :
That little trifling particle—— that NOT ;
(Or if expung'd——'twou'd be no mighty blot.)

S. Compendious thought ! well worthy to succeed ; }

D. Thus faith and practice, both at once wou'd bleed : }

S. That wou'd be liberty and property indeed ! }

D. Oh ! wou'd but time that happy scene disclose !
In which no senator shou'd dare oppose
That vote ; but all unanimously join ;
Me, and themselves, to free from laws divine :
Then uncontroul'd, I'd humour ev'ry lust,
And only be to wine, and women, just.

S. Nothing shou'd bind a British parliament,
Without each individual's consent.

The Horeb contract, never yet was laid
Before the houses ; nor has once been read,
Or pass'd in either :—wherefore then obey'd ? }

D. Was Horeb's rigid contract made for me ?
Did I the thunders hear ? or lightnings see ? }

S. Then not consenting, you are plainly free. }

All

All contracts where one party's over-aw'd,
 The civil law, I think, deems null and void.
 No freedom with those ten commandments lasts,
 That Horeb contract, all your freedom blasts;
 Dissolve that contract, try your utmost strength,
 You may, perhaps, find friends enough at length:
 Do thou, my canonist! prepare a bill,
 The house can any covenants repeal:
 And who shall dare oppose a senate's will?
 But I'm afraid, their boggling at the test;
 Gives us but slender grounds to hope the best.
 Had they that bill but generously pass'd;
 With better grace you might have urg'd this last.

D. Your majesty makes merry with your slave;

S. Dost thou then reckon thine own projects grave?
 Thy projects in the Rights? thou partial knave!
 Well, to be serious:—nay, nay,—why that look?—
 There's very wretched reas'ning in thy book:
 But—if you please the nation with such stuff;
 And make the clergy odious:—'tis enough.

Thy knowledge of the scripture too is small,
 But that, and logic in a lawyer, shall
 Not be by me, insisted on—at all.

Cou'd you ne better, than you reason, rail.

TINDAL, 'twixt friends, the parsons wou'd prevail.

D. I've

D. I've done my best : what mortal can do more?
I'm sure there's malice in my book, good store.

S. Yes, pretty well—doctor of civil law!
At last—I heed not logic of a straw :
Tho' less, than in thy Rights, I own, I never saw.
—No matter—malice, slander, does as well :
These are our constant arguments in hell.

Be sure then, in your second Rights, take care,
That curs'd, establish'd clergy not to spare :
Load 'em with malice, slander, ev'ry where.
Stab 'em, my ruffian ! stab 'em thro' with lyes :
Till at thy feet, that order, gasping, dies.
Then I, my self, will lead thee down to Hell,
There, in supremest pomp, with me to dwell.
The furies patient, shall thy coming wait
In magic circles, to attend thy state :
Ten thousand infidels before thee fly,
To clear thy passage, thro' the crouded sky.
At thy approach, Rebellion stern will rise,
All smear'd with blood and gash'd : (to arms she cries,
Hurling a spear tow'rds heav'n,) since TINDAL's ours,
Let's re-attack, ye fiends, th' etherial tow'rs.

Democracy, (a noisy patriot fool,
The rabble's idol, and the statesman's tool,)
After her sawcy and familiar way,
Doctor, I'm yours ; yours heartily, she'll say :

How

How fares on earth the jus divinum? dead?
Do the Patricii the Plebes dread?
Almost—then fling this mitre at that monarch's head. }

Sedition loud, to Tumult mad, shall bawl;
And welcome thee to Satan's gloomy hall:
Slander with all her snakes shall hiss thy praise;
Treason leave all her plots, on thee to gaze:
Lewdness with Deism shall record thy name,
And Envy shall not envy thee thy fame.

That wither'd, crooked witch, old Heresy,
Will wanton, frantic grow, at sight of thee:
Catch thee with lust extatic in her arms;
Smiling with youth renew'd, and virgin charms:
Then eager presses her burning lips to thine,
And round thy neck, like a fond mistress, twine.

Vain-glory, (mighty builder!) last shall raise,
At my expence, this fabric to thy praise.
Three hundred cubits from the solid ground,
(And all emboss'd with swelling sculpture round) }
The column rises just; with strength and beauty
crown'd.

High on its flaming top, shall TINDAL stand;
Thy Christian Rights wide open in thy hand:
There, thou shalt teach the damn'd to curse, revile }
God's priesthood and his son: the damn'd the while
Forgetting all their pains, shall list'ning smile.

Sullen

Sullen Enthusiasm tearing of his hair,
 Distorted, foaming, trembling, in despair,
 Low at the pillar's base half-rais'd shall ly,
 Then staring upwards, with a shriek shall cry,
 " Are Atheists lifted up in hell so high !

On thy right-hand, proud Blasphemy shall sit,
 And on thy left, Profaneness : scurril Wit,
 Impudence, Sophistry, (Hell's rabble rout)
 With Error, Folly, Vanity, and Doubt ;
 Huzza--the Rights--the Christian Rights--shall shout.

The Scriptures all to shivers torn, shall fly
 Like driving snows along a stormy sky :
 The spoils of Christian Churches shall bestrow
 With sweet confusion all the plain below.

Rage unreclaim'd shall round the ruins ride,
 With stupid Irreligion by his side :
 (On earth by Flattery both for Patriots prais'd,
 In Hell by me to seats infernal rais'd :)
 These shall the scepter, robes and diadem bring,
 While I anoint thee—mischief's monkey king.

Such are the honours I prepare for those,
 Who are, like thee, to Priests immortal foes.

Was ever land by silly Priests misled ?
 Did ever ancient heroes Parsons dread ?
 Ye drowzy Senators ! from sleep arise !
 Ye publick Patriots ! when will ye be wise ?

Wou'd

Wou'd ye a true dependent Priesthood have ?
Resume the tythes your dull forefathers gave.

Let 'em at altars for subscriptions wait,
Or arbitrary pensions of the state :
Then if they dare, but what you'd have 'em teach,
Let 'em, like Paul, at their own charges preach :
While they their Bishopricks and Dean'ries keep,
“ These wolves will never tremble at you sheep.

D. That little text, my liege ! these notions nicks,
Jesurun, till he fattens, never kicks.

S. The Convocation, do whate'er I can,
Still thwarts the measures of my dark divan.

D. Might slaves with emperors in counsel share,
That senate in ten thousand pieces tear.
In that, Britannia's church collected stands ;
A giant with two heads, three hundred hands.
Bodies united, terrible appear,
Which separate, no single man wou'd fear :
Each coward singly I myself cou'd beat ;
But dare not all of 'em together meet.

So wary hawks do fearful pigeons fly,
As they in squadrons wing the liquid sky :
When join'd in troops, the foe they wisely shun,
And yet, they'll kill a thousand, one by one.

S. Now I commend thee, Matthew, wisely said ;
And wisely with such enemies proceed :

Do thou instruct the commons, and the law,
 With premunires still those Priests to awe ;
 Then they'll submit : thus Henry gain'd his cause ;
 All shepherds tremble at a lion's paws :
 For, tho' to others they of suffering talk,
 In their own case they still that doctrine baulk.
 And after all—if those two houses—meet—
 —*D.* The devil, *S.* And the doctor. *D.* Both are bit :
 But for their gracious Empress—there's the task—
S. Which will my utmost care and caution ask.

I own, she's arm'd with piety and pray'rs ;
 Such goodness—frequently eludes my snares,
 Firm and unshaken, hitherto she's stood ;
 Nor heeds the noise and workings of the flood.
 But hope, you mortals say, with life does last ;
 Tho' beaten still, still I can rise as fast.
 You cannot but remember gentle Eve ;
 To me—the wheedling of the ladies leave.

Old Clarendon does well my friends disgrace,
 What then ?—, my friends at Court have met with place.
 Patient I'll wait—Observe the rowling sky ;
 Then—catch the lucky minutes as they fly.

Once with success, I hunted mighty game ;
 That day shall stand consign'd to deathless fame,
 Earth trembled as my beagles roaring onward came. }
 Re-

Remorseless, round the royal hart they stood,
 And plung'd their dewlaps in his sacred blood.
 The powers infernal jealous, wonder'd why
 'Twas given to mortal men to sin so high.
 Thus fell old pious CHARLES, in suff'rings brave ;
 The rebels rul'd, their monarch was their slave :
 His clemency did first his state enthrall ;
 And by his goodness 'twas I wrought his fall.

I fill'd his sēates with my saucy brood,
 Erect with sin and impudence they stood ;
 The subject hector'd, and the monarch bow'd.
 For that perhaps above he is renown'd,
 But since on earth a traitor's death he found,
 I'm satisfy'd. D. So may all kings be crown'd !

S. Oh ANNA ! when will thy devotion cease ?
 When will thy streams of charity decrease ?
 That better hope may to our prospect rise ;
 But thou'rt confirm'd the darling of the skies.
 Why art thou thus too generously great ?
 To sink thy own, to raise the clergy's state.
 What blessings still attend thy glorious reign !
 Oh ANNA ! most perversely pious QUEEN !
 Heav'n smiles to see thee rule thy realms below ;
 And sov'reign power, with sov'reign goodness show :
 Thy royal grandfire's worth, with better fate,
 Shall make thee, thro' all ages, truly great.

D. All mighty ills by fates adverse are cross'd ;
 Thus we not works, but wishes only boast ;
 Brave Ravillac shou'd else but second stand
 To me in Hell's assassinating band :
 Were it not otherwise decreed above ;
 The guardian angels still the strongest prove.

But, fir —those foolish universities,
 Are they too guarded by supream decrees?
 Oh wou'd some other Henry but arise !
 Dissolve their colleges, their buildings burn,
 And all their books to flames and ashes turn :
 Sell all their lands, to make the nobles drunk,
 That ev'ry commoner, as olim—nunc,
 Might at the church's charges keep—a punk.

Then thou, † Bridgwater, shou'dst in Europe claim
 Oxford's immortal venerable name :

Cambridge to † Taunton all her tow'rs resign ;

S. And both, in mighty TINDAL's praises join.

D. Thus piety and learning shou'd decay,
 And ignorance and atheism bear the sway.

S. Exquisite fiend ! Satan's undoubted seed !
 How does thy likeness justify thy breed !
 What pity 'tis, it ever shou'd be said,
 That thou did'st eat a paltry prelate's bread !

† Two noted Presbyterian-Seminaries in the West of England.

For

For shame ! for shame ! thy fellowship resign !
 Nor longer with those Christian coxcombs dine.
 Forfake thy pedant cell, to courts repair ;
 Triumphant atheism thou wilt meet with there :
 Thy most degenerate friends, the courtiers tell,
 We have not such ingratitude in Hell ;
 To let a youth like thee regardless pass,
 Nor mind the glories of thy glitt'ring face.
 Merit like thine, to meet with no reward !
 Ye guardian pow'rs of vice ! 'tis wond'rous hard ;
 King David's admonition here is just ;
 Not princes, nor in any courtiers trust.

But hold——my time is almost quite expir'd ;
 Besides, below my presence is requir'd.

‘ —Rot these Republicans ! I am betray'd ;
 ‘ That Tutchin ! has an insurrection made
 ‘ With his deposing doctrines ; but 'ere day,
 ‘ I'll teach that dog ! Hell's monarch to obey.

Do thou, then, quickly these few orders take,
 And I thy room, at present, will forsake.

‘ To all thy real and admiring friends,
 ‘ Satan, by thee, his hearty love commends.
 ‘ To Toland, Collins, Stevens, Apgil, tell
 ‘ Sir R——t H——d greets 'em kindly well,
 ‘ And hopes to see 'em shortly all—in Hell.

- ‘ From me the Phenix editors salute ;
- ‘ And I’ve a letter from esquire Sh—e.
- ‘ John Dunton, with his brethren of the bays,
- ‘ His love to G—th, blaspheming G—th, conveys ;
- ‘ And thanks him for his pagan funeral praise.
- ‘ Hopes Wycherly, whose christian name is Will,
- ‘ Continues very witty, wicked still ;
- ‘ The like of Congreve, Vanbrugh, and the rest,
- ‘ Who swear that all religion is a jest.
- ‘ Tell doctor B — t, theory I mean,
- ‘ His Eve and Serpent have our Tatler been :
- ‘ Lucian, the master for that dialogue thanks ;
- ‘ The Snake and Lady, faith, play—pretty pranks.
- ‘ Hugh Peters something said, a canting sot,
- ‘ About one Ben—his surname I’ve forgot :
- ‘ His Measures of Submission, were obey’d
- ‘ Exactly, by Wat Tyler, and Jack Cade.
- ‘ George Fox to Lacy had some warnings groan’d,
- ‘ But his stiff scribe was no where to be found :
- ‘ The fool himself can neither write nor read ;
- ‘ The motions of his chops I did not heed.
- ‘ Old Arius cry’d, O Lucifer ! I charge ye,
- ‘ Thank W—on for his *moneo* to the clergy.
- ‘ Oliver’s porter stop’d me at Hell’s door,
- ‘ And in my ears this prophecy did roar.

“ A certain circumflex enthusiast knight,
 “ Of Britain Great, a very little wight,
 “ Sir R—d B—y call’d ; bid him but wait,
 “ When Emes does rise, his worship will be strait.
 Have ye not here on earth, pray, Hell-whelps too ?

D. Your highness means, if I conjecture true,
 Our block-head Observator, and Review.

S. The same ———

They’re mangy, lazy currs, I’ll have ’em hang’d ;
 Or else, till all their bones are broken, bang’d.
 In half this time Pryn ruin’d church and state :

D. All scoundrels cannot grow, by scribbling great.

S. If they can nothing more to purpose say,
 I’ll burn their papers, and withdraw their pay.

‘ Prythee reach hither, Mat ! the Bibliotheque
 ‘ Choisy, where th’ author of your works does speak :
 ‘ Because, Socinus has a wager laid,
 ‘ There’s something greatly to your honour said :
 ‘ And that our scribbling Swifts, Le Clerk, will say
 ‘ As much—of any devil in Hell — for pay.

‘ In winter, when at Constantine’s you meet,
 ‘ Pray tell that club, I kiss their cloven feet.
 ‘ And at the calves-head feast, when next you dine,
 ‘ Accept these flasks of Acherontick wine :
 ‘ The toast--be honest Noll’s good health and mine.

‘ I’ll have a brace of D—s within this se’nnight,
 ‘ Spite of the doctrine of that doctor K—
 ‘ From me, as from a friend, his reverence tell,
 “ We’ve men of sense and quality in Hell.
 ‘Tis well remember’d—take one parting kiss ;
 ‘ Thine elder brother Judas sent thee this.
 Thus having said, he in a mist withdrew,
 And in a moment up the chimney flew.

PRE-EXISTENCE: A POEM,

In Imitation of MILTON.

*Has quoniam cœli nondum dignamur honore,
Quas dedimus certè terras habitare sinamus.*

NOW had th’ archangel trumpet, rais’d sublime
 Above the walls of heav’n, begun to sound ;
 All æther took the blast, and hell beneath
 Shook with celestial noise ; th’ almighty host
 Hot with pursuit, and reeking with the blood
 Of guilty cherubs smear’d in sulphurous dust,
 Pause at the known command of sounding gold.

And

And first they close the wide Tartarian gates,
 Th' impenetrable folds on brazen hinge
 Rowl creaking horrible ; the din beneath
 O'ercomes the roar of flames, and deafens hell ;
 Then through the solid gloom with nimble wing
 They cut their shining traces up to light ;
 Return'd upon the edge of heavenly day,
 Where thinnest beams play round the vast obscure,
 And with eternal gleam drive back the night,
 They find the troops less stubborn, less invol'd
 In crime and ruin, barr'd the realms of peace,
 Yet uncondemn'd to baleful seats of woe,
 Doubtful and suppliant ; all the plumes of light
 Moults from their shuddering wings, and sickly fea
 Shades every face with horror ; conscious guilt
 Rows in the livid eye-ball, and each breast
 Shakes with the dread of future doom unknown.

'Twas there the wide circumference of heaven
 Opens in two vast gates, that inward turn
 Voluminous, on jasper columns hung
 By geometry divine, they ever glow
 With living sculptures, that arise by turns
 T'imboss the shining leaves, by turns they set
 To give succeeding argument their place ;
 In holy hieroglyphics on they move,
 The gaze of journeying angels, as they pass

Oft looking back, and held in deep surprize.
 Here stood the troops distinct ; the cherub guard
 Unbarr'd the splendid gates, and in they rowl
 Harmonious ; for a vocal spirit sits
 Within each hinge, and, as they onward drive,
 In just divisions break the num'rous jarr
 With symphony melodious, such as spheres
 Involv'd in tenfold wreaths are said to sound.

Out flows a blaze of glory ; for on high
 Tow'ring advanc'd the moving throne of God,
 Vast and majestic ; on each radiant side
 The pointed rays slope glittering, at the foot
 Glides a full tide of day, that onward pours
 In liquid torrents through the black abyfs,
 Sparkling among reluctant shades which thence
 Retire confus'd ; as when Vesuvio shakes
 With inward torments, and disgorges flames,
 O'er the vast mountain's ridge the burning waves
 Drive their refulgent curl, and on they rowl
 Sweeping the glowing plains down to the sea ;
 Th' affrighted sea leaps back with hideous roar
 To give the fire its course ; thus Chaos wild
 Hissing recoils to let in floods of light.

Above the throne, th' ideas heavenly bright
 Of past, of present, and of coming time
 Fix'd their immov'd abode, and there present

An

An endless landscape of created things
To sight celestial, where angelic eyes
Are lost in prospect ; for the shiny range,
Boundless and various, in its bosom bears
Millions of full-proportion'd worlds, beheld
With stedfast eyes, till more arise to view,
And farther inward scenes start up unknown.

Myriads of seraphs in long series wait
About the throne, and as it moves, proceed
In numerous order, to celestial song.
Above ; the symphony of mellow flutes,
And harps, by flying angels gently touch'd,
Relieve the trumpet's rage, and fitly blend
The solemn sounds in harmony divine ;
Such as might tune new worlds, and give the laws
To globes on high, and the just figure guide
Of planets forming all their airy dance.
Below ; the blazing wheels drive bounding o'er
The starry pavement ; stars and hills of light
Double their glories where the chariot rows
With rattling sound ; and th' empyræum vast,
Down to its stedfast axis, groans throughout
Under the burning tracts, till now it rests
Upon the gaping brink of heaven ; and there,
With open pomp, fills the vast empty space.

Silence enfues ; a deep and awful pause
 More terrible, all expectation held
 In horror ; now wrath imminent amaz'd
 With dreadful precipice, to all it seems
 More formidable near : then from the throne
 A vocal thunder rowl'd the sense of God,
 Majestically long, repugnant all
 To princes customs here ; their judgments flash
 On guilt, with words concise, and sudden blaze.
 Quite otherwise, the God's enlarged speech
 Sets wide the fate of things ; that all around
 Might take full prospects of their coming doom.

Servants of God ! and Virtues great in arms !

—W' approve your faithful works, and you return
 Bless'd from the dire pursuit of rebel foes ;
 Resolv'd, obdurate, they have try'd the force
 Of this right hand, and known Almighty pow'r ;
 Transfix'd with light'ning down they sunk, they fell
 Into the fiery gulph, and deep they plunge
 Below the burning waves, to hide their heads
 In shelter from my vengeance bellowing hence,
 More fierce and scorching with more dreadful fires ;
 'There let 'em find their doom, that durst defy
 Omnipotence, and slight his proffer'd grace ;
 Rowling in flames, and ne'er to feel a dawn
 Of heavenly day ; instead, the mind imbibes

Eterna^l

Eternal gloom, and findg'd with constant flames,
 Can find no ease ; while fierce their boiling rage
 Eats through th' impyral mould, and glows within
 With endless pain ; not one repentant thought
 Shall cool the breast, but proud in horrid crime,
 The soul anheals and hardens in the fire.

But you ! commission'd by commands divine,
 Have wisely fill'd your trust, and clos'd 'em all
 Within the fervid lake, lest any roam
 Into the dark abyss to shun their doom,
 And in the womb immense of things unborn
 Should seek annihilation ; you must rise
 Among the shining virtues, more sublime ;
 On lofty thrones preferr'd for lofty deeds.

For you, ye guilty throng ! that lately join'd
 In this sedition, since seduc'd from good,
 And caught in trains of guile, by spirits malign,
 Superior in their order ; you accept,
 Trembling, my heavenly clemency and grace.
 When the long æra once has fill'd its orb,
 You shall emerge to light, and humbly here
 Again shall bow before this favouring throne,
 If your own virtue second my decree :
 But all must have their manes first below,
 So stands th' eternal fate, but smother yours
 Than what lost angels feel ; nor can our reign,

Without just dooms, the peace of heav'n secure ;
 For forms celestial new erect in glory
 Wou'd totter, dazzl'd with the heights of power,
 Did not the nerves of justice fix their sight.

See, where below in Chaos wond'rous deep
 A speck of light dawns forth, and thence throughout
 The shades, in many a wreath, my forming power
 There swiftly turns the burning eddy round,
 Absorbing all crude matter near its brink ;
 Which next, with subtile motions, take the form
 I please to stamp, the seed of infant worlds
 All now in embryo, but e'er long shall rise
 Variously scatter'd in this vast expanse,
 Involv'd in winding orbs, until the brims
 Of outward circles brush these heavenly gates.
 The middle point a globe of curling fire
 Shall hold, which round it sheds its genial heat ;
 Where-e'er I kindle life, the motion grows
 In all the endless orbs, from this machine ;
 And infinite vicissitudes shall rowl
 About this restless center ; for I rear,
 In those meanders turn'd, a dusty ball,
 Deform'd all o'er with woods, whose shaggy tops
 Inclose eternal mists, and deadly damps
 Hover within their boughs, to choak the light ;
 Impervious scenes of horror, 'till reform'd

To

To fields, and grassy dales, and flow'ry meads,
 By your continual pains: the torrid zone
 Here fries, with constant heat, the swarthy world ;
 Parching the plains where hideous monsters glare,
 And dusty mountains, tumbl'd by the winds,
 Stretch their uncertain heaps ; no less the frost
 At either end shall rage, and high shall raise
 Firm promontories ; vast the ruins seem
 Of desert nature, and th' eternal piles
 Load all the dreary coast, and thick in ice,
 Arm either pole, that yearly peeps a-scance
 On coming light, but feels no gentle ray
 Unbind the frozen chain. Between these lie
 The changeful climes, alternately they burn,
 And chill again by turns ; for both extremes
 Make their incursions here ; and this my will
 Unchangeable, ordains your doleful seat.

Beneath ; mishapen Chaos, and the field
 Of fighting atoms, where hot, moist, and dry,
 Wage an eternal war with dismal roar ;
 The dismal roar breaks smoothly on the ground,
 Sacred to horror, and eternal night :
 Here silence sits, whose visionary shape
 In folds of wreathy mantling sinks obscure,
 And in dark fumes reclines his drowsy head ;
 An urn he holds, from whence a lake proceeds,

Wide,

Wide, flowing gently, smooth, and Lethe nam'd :
 Hither compell'd, each soul must drink long draughts
 Of those forgetful streams, 'till forms within,
 And all the great ideas fade and die :
 For if vast thought shou'd play about a mind
 Inclos'd in flesh, and dragging cumbrous life,
 Fluttering and beating in the mournful cage,
 It soon wou'd break its grates and wing away :
 'Tis therefore my decree; the soul return
 Naked from off this beach and perfect blank,
 To visit the new world ; and strait to feel
 Itself, in crude consistence closely shut,
 The dreadful monument of just revenge ;
 Immur'd by heaven's own hand, and plac'd erect
 On fleeting matter, all imprison'd round
 With walls of clay ; th' æthereal mould shall bear
 The chain of members, deafen'd with an ear,
 Blinded by eyes, and manac'd in hands.
 Here anger, vast ambition, and disdain,
 And all the haughty movements rise and fall,
 As storms of neighbouring atoms tear the soul ;
 And hope, and love, and all the calmer turns
 Of easy hours, in their gay gilded shapes,
 With sudden run, skim o'er deluded minds,
 As matter leads the dance ; but one desire,
 Unsatisfy'd, shall marr ten thousand joys.

The

The rank of beings, that shall first advance,
 Drink deep of human life ; and long shall stay
 On this great scene of cares. From all the rest,
 That longer for the destin'd body wait,
 Less penance I expect ; and short abode
 In those pale dreary kingdoms will content :
 Each has his lamentable lot, and all,
 On different racks, abide the pains of life.

The pensive spirit takes the lonely grove,
 Nightly he visits all the sylvan scenes,
 Where, far remote, a melancholy moon
 Raising her head, serene and shorn of beams,
 Throws here and there her glimmerings through the
 To make more awful darkness ; starry lights, [trees,
 Hung up on high, shed round 'em as they burn
 A pale sad influence ; and they gild the plains
 With doubtful rays, which strike within the shades
 A trembling lustre and uncertain light.

The SAGE shall haunt this solitary ground,
 And view the dismal landscape, limn'd within
 In horrid shades, mix'd with imperfect light.
 Here JUDGMENT, blinded by delusive SENSE,
 Contracted through the cranny of an eye,
 Shoots up faint languid beams, to that dark seat
 Wherein the soul, bereav'd of native fire,
 Sits intricate, in misty clouds obscur'd,

Ev'n

Ev'n from itself conceal'd ; and there presides
 O'er jarring images with reason's sway,
 Which by his ordering more confounds their form ;
 And by decisions more imbroils the fray :
 The more he strives t'appease, the more he feels
 The struggling surges of the darksome void
 Impetuous, and the thick revolving thoughts
 Encount'ring thoughts, image on image turn'd,
 A Chaos of wild science, where sometimes
 The clashing notions strike out casual light ;
 Which soon must perish and be lost again
 In the thick darkness round it : now, he tries
 With all his might to raise some weighty thought,
 Of me, of fate, or of th' eternal round,
 Which but recoils to crush the labouring mind.
 High are his reasonings, but the feeble clue
 Of fleeting images he draws in vain
 'To wondrous length ; * (for still the turning maze
 Eludes his art) its end flies far away,
 And leaves him tracing round the toilsome path,
 Returning oft on the same beaten thought.
 For much of good he talks, and life serene,
 Of happiness deny'd, the dismal waste
 Of wisdom's privilege, and th' obdurate breast,
 Stubborn in anguish ; idle wisdom, all
 Weak forcery to charm a real pain ;

Distasting

Disasting crowds and business, thus he seeks
 Diversion in himself, but with deep thoughts
 He kindles doubt; and while he strives to blow
 The ashes off, revives the brand of care.

Hence far remov'd, a different noisy race
 In cities full and frequent take their seat,
 Where honour's crush'd, and gratitude oppress'd,
 With swelling hopes of gain, that raise within
 A tempest, and, drove onward by success,
 Can find no bounds; for creatures of a day
 Stretch their wide cares to ages; full increase
 Starves the penurious soul, while empty sound
 Fills the ambitious; *that* shall ever shrink,
 Pining with endless cares, whilst *this* shall swell
 To tympany enormous. Bright in arms
 Here shines the hero, out he fiercely leads
 A martial throng, his instruments of rage,
 To fill the world with death, and thin mankind.
 Ambition drives, and round the world he roams,
 Marking his way with blood; the dreadful noise
 Begets a fame; and all the breath he leaves
 Is spent in his false praise, and vainly bloats
 The tyrant's soul; while high his kingdoms rise
 In fleeting pomp, hovering their gaudy wings
 Around the servile globe, that tamely bends
 Beneath his haughty reign; and all his slaves

Under

Under his yoke shall groan, and scarce shall groan
 Without a crime: here torturing engines roar
 With human voice disguis'd; earth, water, fire,
 Are made (dire elements of cruelty!)
 Subservient to his lust, and power to kill;
 Yet shall the herd endure, and dare not break
 United their imaginary chain;
 While their great monarch chills with equal fears,
 No less a slave than they; each rumour shakes
 The haughty purple, dark and cloudy cares
 Involve the awful throne, that stands erect,
 Balanc'd on the wild people's temper'd rage,
 And fortify'd with dangerous arts of power.
 But death shall shift those scenes of misery;
 Then doubtful titles kindle up new wars,
 And urge on ling'ring fate; the ensigns blaze
 About the camp, and drums and trumpets sound,
 Prepare a solemn way to griezly war;
 Javelins and bearded spears in ghastly ranks
 Erect their shining heads, and round the field
 A harvest's seen of formidable death;
 Then joins the horrid shock, whose bellowing burst
 Torments the shatter'd air, and drowns the groans
 Of men below that rowl in certain death.
 These are the mortal sports, and tragic plays,
 By man himself embroil'd; the dire debate

Makes

Makes the waste desert seem serene and mild,
 Where savage nature in one common lies,
 By homely cots possess'd ; all squalid wild,
 And despicably poor, they range the field,
 And feel their share of hunger, care, and pain,
 Cheated by flying prey ; and now they tear
 Their panting flesh ; and now with nails unclean
 They tug their shaggy beards ; and deeply quaff
 Of human woe, even when they rudely sip
 The flowing stream, or chew the savoury pulp
 Of nature's freshest viands ; fragrant fruits
 Enjoy'd with trembling, and in danger sought.

But where th' appointed limits of a law,
 Fences the general safety of the world,
 No greater quiet reigns ; for wanton man,
 In giddy frolic, easily leaps o'er
 His own invented bounds ; hence rapine, fraud,
 Revenge, and lust, and all the hideous train
 Of nameless ills, distort the meagre mind
 To endless shapes of woe. Here misers mourn
 Departed gold, and their defrauded heirs
 Dire perjuries complain ; the blended loads
 Of punishment and crime deform the world,
 And give no rest to man ; with pangs and throws
 He enters on the stage ; prophetic tears
 And infant cries prelude his future woes ;

And

And all is one continu'd scene of grief,
 "Till the sad fable curtain falls in death.

But that last act shall in one moment close
 Of doubt and darkness ; pain shall crack the strings
 Of life decay'd ; no less the soul convuls'd,
 Trembles in anxious cares, and shuddering stands,
 Afraid to leap into the opening gulph
 Of future fate, till all the banks of clay
 Fall from beneath his feet ; in vain he grasps
 The shatter'd reeds that cheat his easy wish.
 Reason is now no more ; that narrow lamp
 (Which with its sickly fires wou'd shoot its beams
 To distances unknown, and stretch its rays
 Ascance my paths, in deepest darkness veil'd)
 Is sunk into its socket ; inly there
 It burns a dismal light ; th' expiring flame
 Is choak'd in fumes, and parts in various doubt.

Then the gay glories of the living world
 Shall cast their empty varnish, and retire
 Out of his feeble view ; and rising shade
 Sits hovering o'er all nature's various face :
 Music shall cease, and instruments of joy
 Shall fail that sullen hour ; nor can the mind
 Attend their sounds, when fancies swim in death
 Confus'd and crush'd, with cares ; for long shall seem
 The dreary road, and melancholy dark

That

That leads he knows not where : here empty space
 Gapes horrible, and threatens to absorb
 All being ; yonder footy demons glare,
 And dolorous spectres grin ; the shapeless rout
 Of wild imagination dance and play
 Before his eyes obscure ; till all in death
 Shall vanish, and the prisoner, now enlarg'd,
 Regains the flaming borders of the sky.

He ended. Peals of thunder rend the heavens,
 And Chaos, from the bottom turn'd, resounds
 The mighty clangor : All the heavenly host
 Approve the high decree, and loud they sing
 Eternal justice ; while the guilty troops,
 Sad with their doom, but sad without despair,
 Fall fluttering down to LETHE's lake, and there
 For penance, and the destin'd body, wait.

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